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JUN 16 1960

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from Connecticut

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the
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away

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modern screen

JUNE, 1960

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THE GIANT OF MARATHON

with

MYLENE DEMONGEOT

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before the fury
of his naked
strength...women
hungered for the
embrace of his
powerful arms.

DANIELA ROCCA •

Ivo Garrani-Philippe Hersent
Sergio Fantoni-Alberto Lupo •

Produced by

BRUNO VAILATI •

Directed by

JACQUES TOURNEUR

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Vicki Hess

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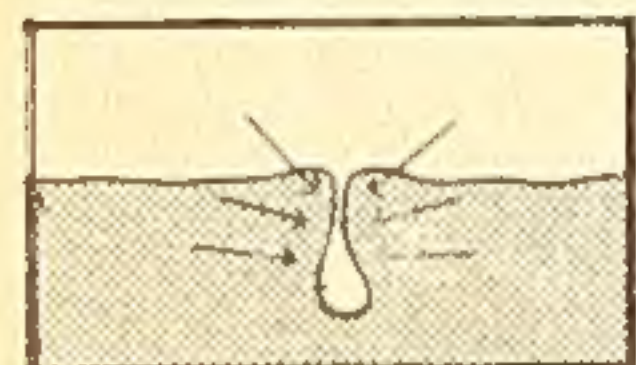
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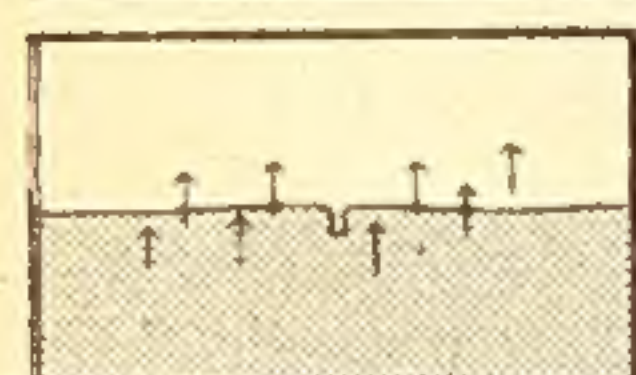
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LARGEST-SELLING BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Was another man involved in the **Don Murray-Hope Lange** split? And why did they deny the rumors so vehemently when it was first suggested all was not well in that household?

—N.D., MONTREAL, CAN.

A No other man was involved in the Lange-Murray split. Don and Hope wanted to keep their problems to themselves in hopes of working them out. Hope's still hoping they can, despite the rumor that Don is infatuated with **Dolores Michaels**.

Q What's behind the reports of a torrid romance between **Maureen O'Hara** and **Rex Harrison**?

—M.H., HANOVER, N.H.

A A misinformed columnist. Maureen has barely said "Hello" to Rex since they co-starred in **FOXES OF HARROW** over 10 years ago. Rex is interested in **Tammy Grimes**, estranged wife of actor **Christopher Plummer** who in turn is interested in **Susan Blanchard**, ex-wife of **Henry Fonda**.

Q I read that **Liz Taylor** and **Eddie Fisher** are planning to get married again—to each other, that is. Are they going to do this for sentimental reasons?

—J.R., OSHKOSH, WIS.

A No. For legal reasons. They want to marry in California—so there can't be any future problems there about the status of his Las Vegas divorce and marriage.

Q What ever happened to **Johnny Johnston** and **Kathryn Grayson**? I know they divorced each other a long time ago but what's with them careerwise?

—J.D., BERWICK, PA.

A Kathryn is going to tour the country with her own revue, **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**. She hasn't made a film since the ill-fated **THE VAGABOND KING**. Johnny is an apprentice in a New York brokerage house while he learns that particular trade. He's just about given up show business.

Q Is it true the **Brigitte Bardot**—**Jacques Charrier** marriage has been in trouble ever since the birth of their baby?

—B.N., DALLAS, TEXAS

A It's been in trouble ever since they posted the wedding banns.

Q TV missed a great bet by not recording it—but is there any report on how **Debbie Reynolds** reacted when **Liz Taylor** was announced at the Golden Globe Awards as the best dramatic

actress of the year by the Foreign Press.

—E.D., BOSTON, MASS.

A Debbie applauded—along with everyone else.

Q I read that **Glenn Ford**'s real heart interest is a beautiful German star who is about to divorce her husband. Do you know to whom the columnists are referring?

—B.B., CHARLESTON, W.V.

A They are referring to **Maria Schell**—who in turn denies the report that she is contemplating a divorce.

Q Do you have any idea of how much money **Sandra Dee** spends a year on clothes? She always looks so well dressed, much more so than the typical teen.

—D.L. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A Last year untypical Sandra acquired a \$40,000 wardrobe—including a blue-white mink coat.

Q Can you tell me how much **Orson Welles** weighed when he made **Citizen Kane** and those other movies now on TV—and what his weight was in his most recent movies—and why he got so heavy?

—R.H.B., HARTFORD, CONN.

A Welles carried 200 pounds on his 6'1" frame when he made **KANE** (approximately 15 pounds overweight). In **CRACK OF THE MIRROR**, the scale cracked when it hit three hundred. Evidently Welles is a consuming genius.

Q Would it be possible for you to list all the aging glamour girls still acting in movies or TV who have gone past their 50th birthday?

—J.G., BERWYN, ILL.

A **Joan Crawford** (52), **Claudette Colbert** (55), **Bette Davis** (52), **Marlene Dietrich** (55), **Irene Dunne** (55), **Katharine Hepburn** (50), **Myrna Loy** (55), **Barbara Stanwyck** (53). Others like **Ginger Rogers**, **Lucille Ball** and **Roz Russell** have a year or so to go.

Q I think the death of **Mario Lanza**'s wife Betty is the saddest thing that happened in Hollywood this year. I am concerned about Lanza's four children. What will happen to them now? Will they be separated?

—S.S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A They will undoubtedly be taken care of by their aunt and uncle in Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hicks, in whose charge they were when their mother was still in a state of shock over Mario's death. They will not be separated.



JOHN FORD TOPS ALL THE GREATNESS

THE SEARCHERS • THE INFORMER • LONG VOYAGE HOME • HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY • STAGE COACH • QUIET MAN • WHAT PRICE GLORY • GRAPES OF WRATH

THAT WON HIM 4 ACADEMY AWARDS!

(the only director in history to win this many!)

Sergeant Rutledge



You knew
all along
that love
had nothing
to do
with it...

"I knew it
had to be
great—but
who could
have expected
it to be this
great!"

JOHN WAYNE

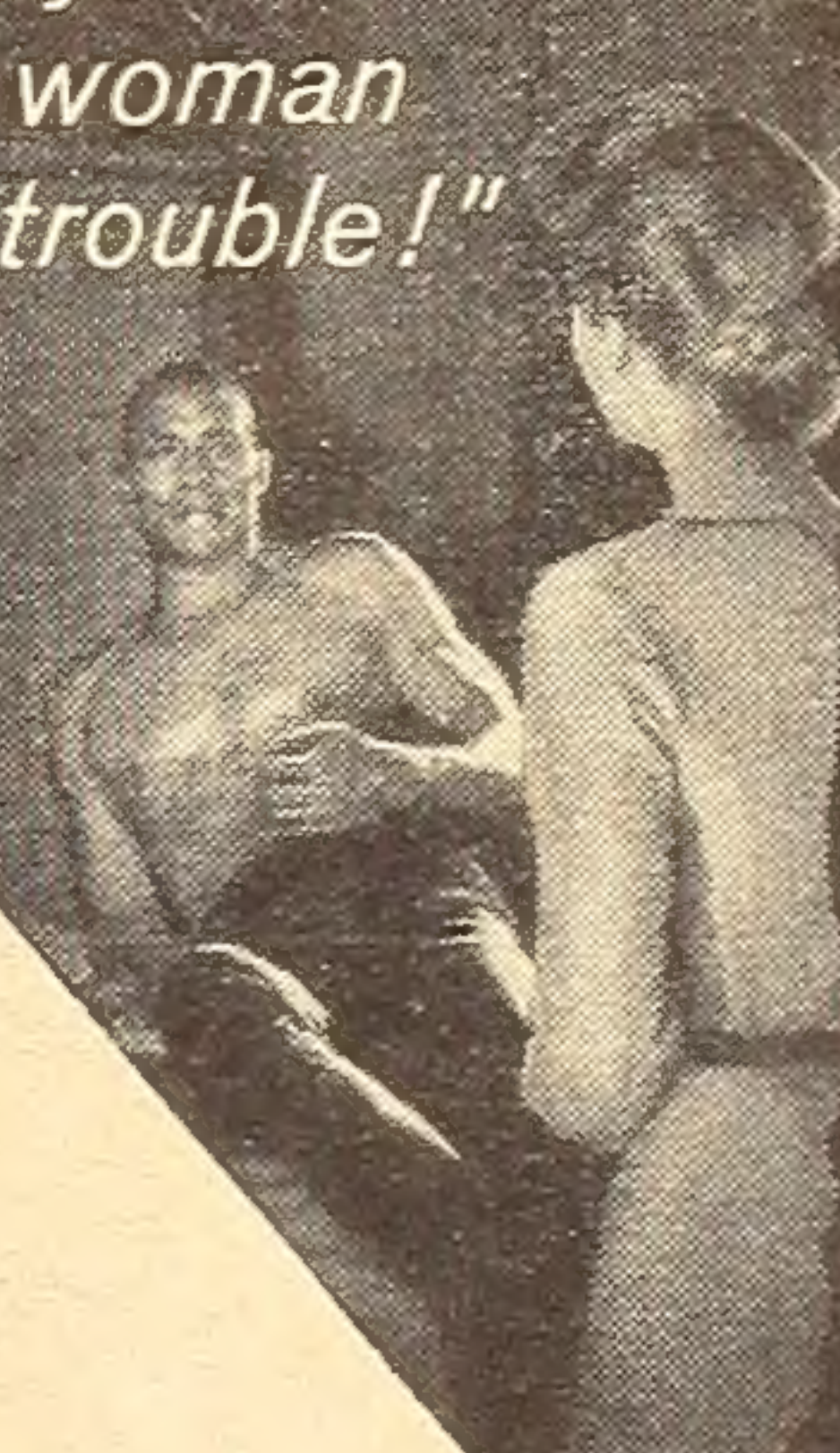
"Terrific! The kind of
excitement motion pictures
were invented for!"

SPENCER TRACY

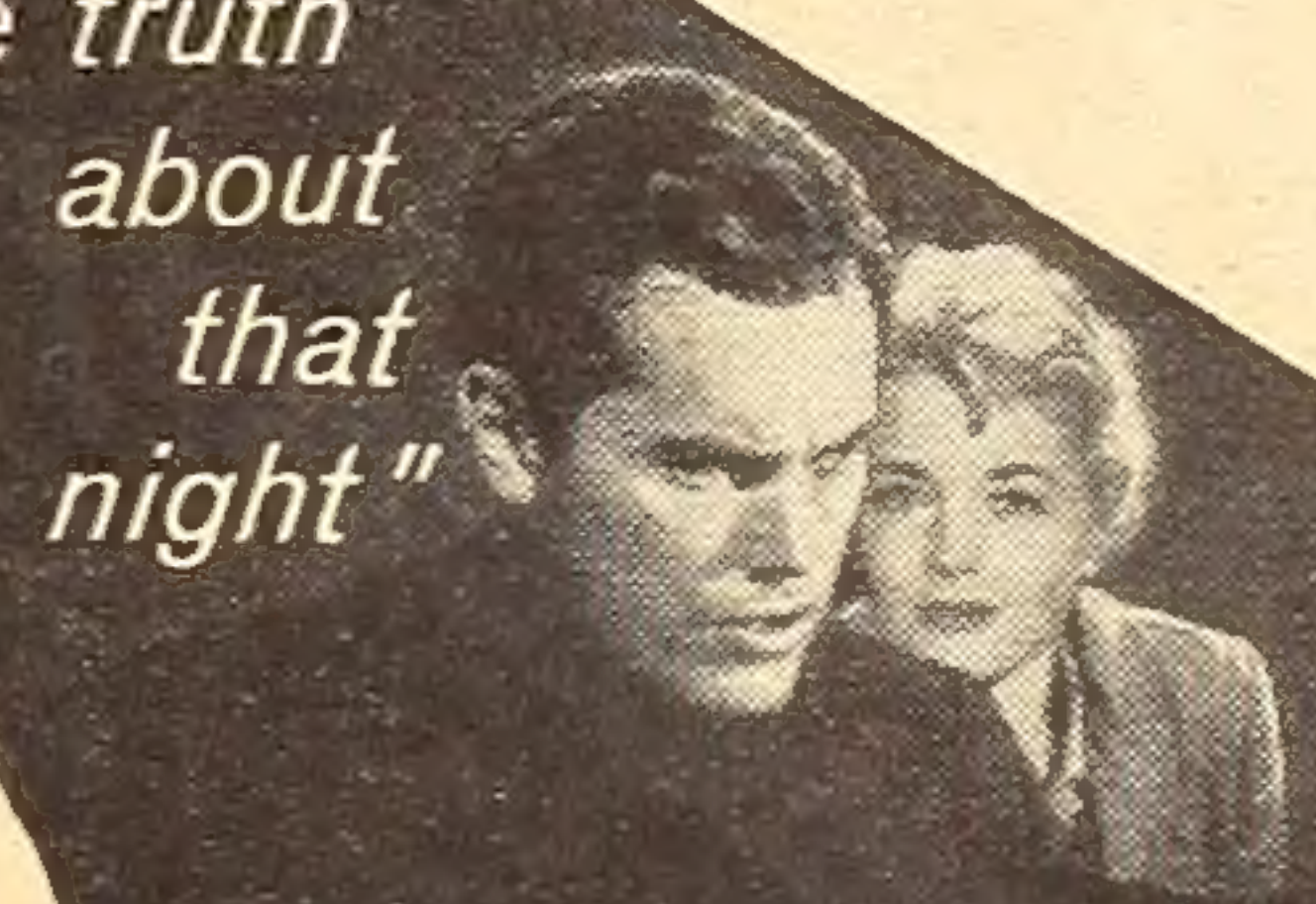
"If ever there was a picture to thrill
an audience, this is it!"

WARD BOND

"Go away--
white woman
means trouble!"



"I want
the truth
about
that
night"



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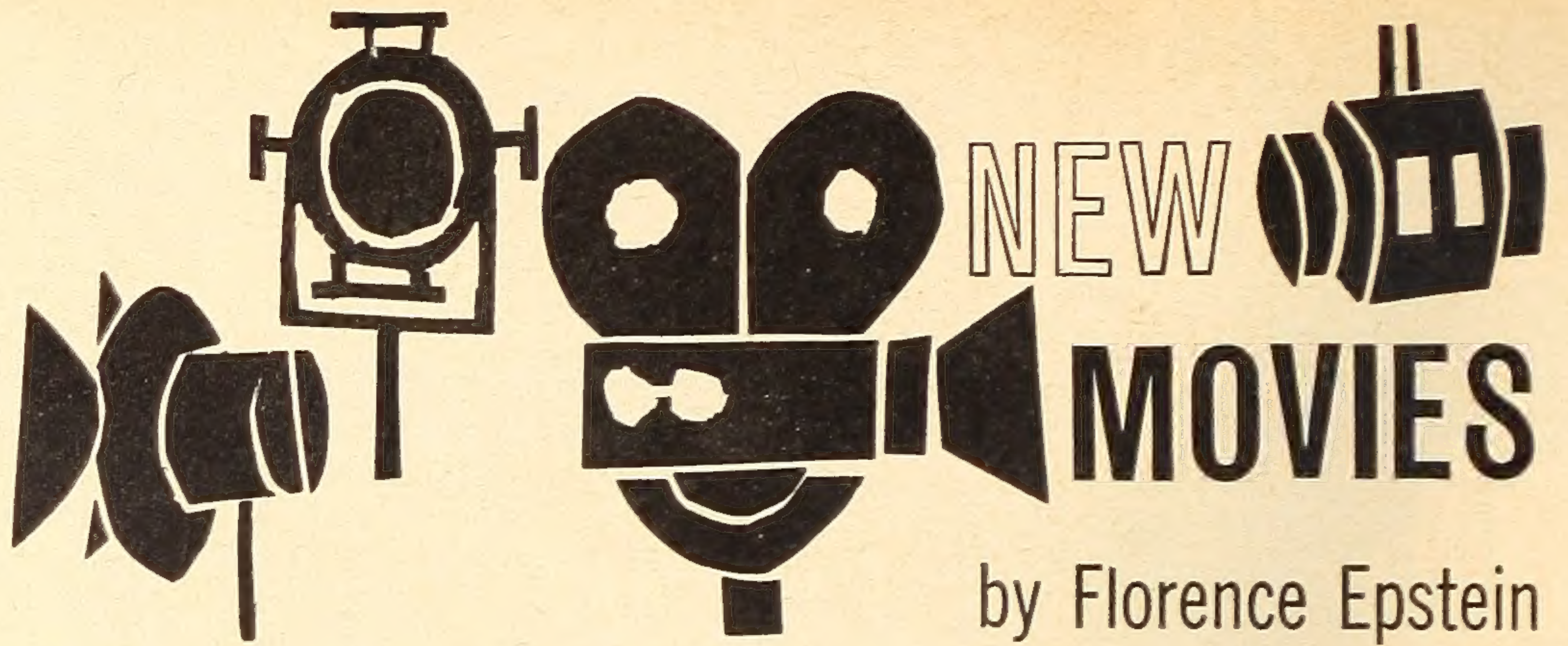
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WITHOUT BLEACHING or DYEING



by Florence Epstein



In Can-Can, 'boulevardiers' like Frank Sinatra and Maurice Chevalier find that horse-play with girls like Shirley MacLaine is fun.

CAN-CAN

not so gay Paree

Frank Sinatra
Shirley MacLaine
Maurice Chevalier
Louis Jourdan
Juliet Prowse

■ *Can-Can* takes place in Paris in the mid-nineteenth century: Frank Sinatra plays a lawyer and determined bachelor, and Shirley MacLaine owns a cabaret where, when the gendarmes are properly bribed, can be seen the daring and illegal can-can dance. When the gendarmes are neglected Shirley usually winds up in court before Judge Maurice Chevalier, in which case Sinatra defends her. Chevalier, if he were not a judge, would definitely be a can-can fancier. Sinatra, if he were not a cad, would definitely marry Shirley. Chevalier's new assistant, Louis Jourdan, frowns on the can-can but falls at Shirley's feet. Sinatra, considering Shirley as plebian as himself, tries to show her up for what she is at her swank engagement party. Whatever she is Louis still wants to marry her. Will this young barrister's dream come true? Cole Porter's songs—many

of them old favorites—are as good as ever. The same can be said of Shirley's dancing, and of Juliet Prowse's dancing—especially in the ballet about Adam and Eve.—TODD A-O, 20th CENTURY-FOX.

BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG

high school drama

Dick Clark
Michael Callan
Tuesday Weld
Victoria Shaw
Warren Berlinger

■ In every teen-age movie there's a boy with a knife—or else someone is very disappointed. Well, we live in a violent age—age 17—and high school teacher Dick Clark, for one, is well aware of it. The principal keeps telling him to mind his own business (American history); his girlfriend (Victoria Shaw) says ditto; his eight-year-old nephew (for whom he is trying to make a home) would relish more of Dick's attention, but Dick is determined to help his students find themselves. He's got his work cut out for him. Among Dick's students are (a) Warren Berlinger, whose

(Continued on page 76)



Only 20 minutes more than last night's pin-up . . .

wake up with a permanent!

Only new Bobbi waves while you sleep . . .
brushes into a softly feminine, lasting hairstyle!

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the *easy* pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a regular setting! Then, the wave "takes" while you sleep because Bobbi

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*Get this
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**RUSH
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TODAY!**

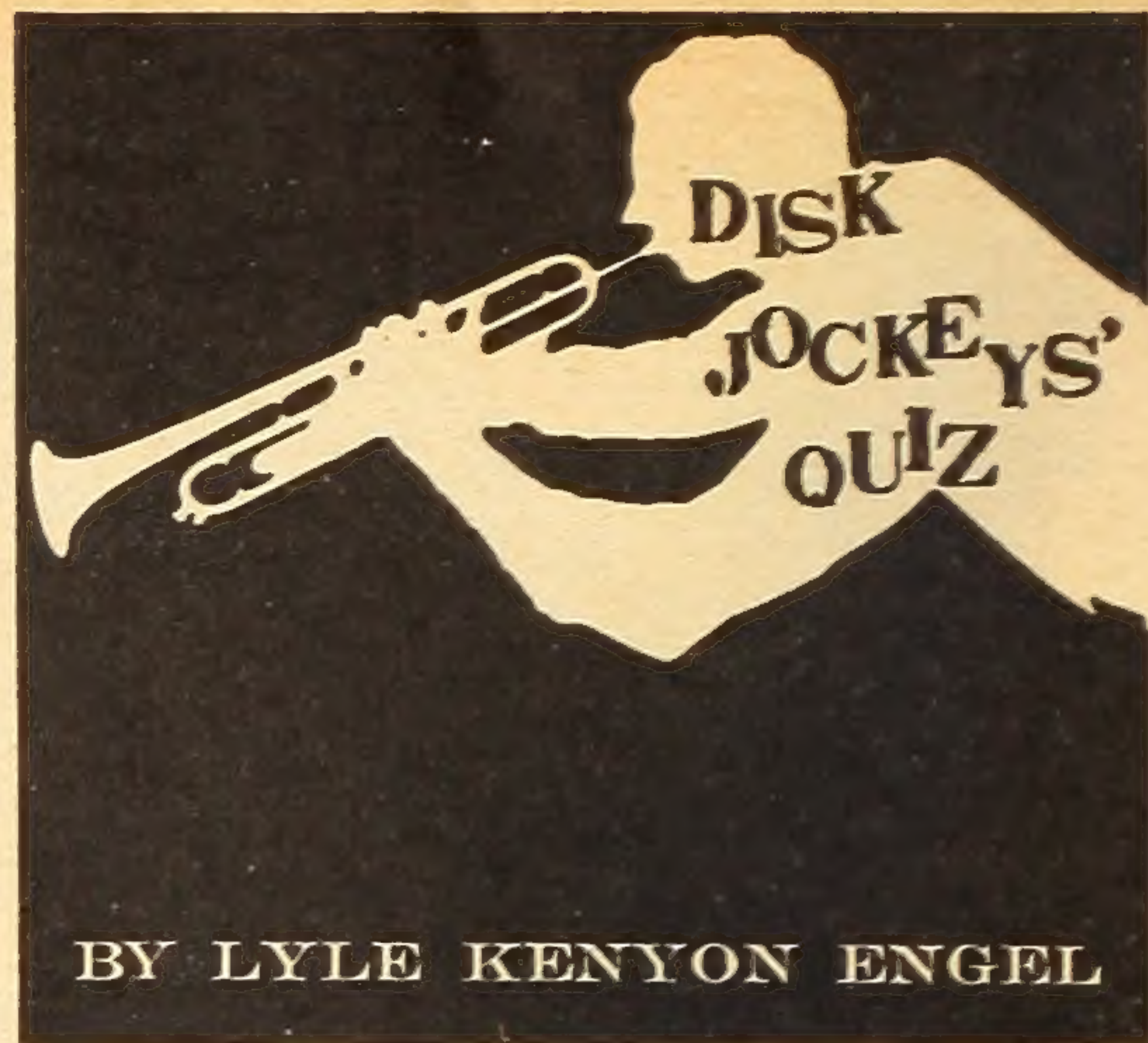
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If you live in Canada, mail this coupon to North American Fashion Frocks, Ltd., 3425 Industrial Blvd., Montreal 39, P.Q.



BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL



Dick "Moose" Moran,
Station KNEW,
Spokane, Wash.

The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.

1. He has curly hair and rugged features. He is known for singing popular songs in a folk style. An excellent guitarist, he made the big time with million-record single *THE STORY OF MY LIFE*. Latest single's *EL PASO*, Columbia.

2. This great arranger-conductor is best known for

lush instrumentals. His biggest hit in the pop song category was *THE SONG FROM MOULIN ROUGE*. Latest hit single's *THEME FROM A SUMMER PLACE*.

3. She sang with Lionel Hampton at the age of 19. Her real name is Ruth Jones. Her last great single was *WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY*



Jerry Marshall,
Station WMGM,
New York, N. Y.

MAKES. Her current hit is *BABY*, on the Mercury label, with Brook Benton.

4. This Texan was born in 1924. He sings and plays the guitar. His favorite hobby is baseball, and he was signed to play by the St. Louis Cardinals. An injury forced him into the music business. His latest hit single is *HE'LL HAVE TO GO*, on the RCA Victor label.

5. This 25-year-old singing star is married and has three children. Real name is

Harold Jenkins. A past hit was *IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE*. His latest hit is *LONELY BLUE BOY*, MGM.

6. This inimitable singing star has sold more millions of records than any other singer in the business. A relaxed style is his forte. Current MGM hit is *AMONG MY SOUVENIRS*.

7. She's a great blues singer and helped Johnny Ray develop his famous style. A past hit was *TWEE-DLE DEE*. *HARBOR LIGHTS* is a hit single on Atlantic.



Hy Lit,
Station WCAU-TV,
Philadelphia, Pa.



Kenny Vincent,
Station WBRD,
Bradenton, Fla.

1. Marty Robbins
2. Percy Faith
3. Dinah Washington
4. Jim Reeves
5. Conway Twitty
6. Bing Crosby
7. Lavern Baker

MODERN SCREEN'S
GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

**Louella Wins A
Golden Globe**

Lucy And Desi's Divorce

**Glorious Night For
Anna Maria**



Louella stopped to congratulate these happy young lovers at the Grove: Frank Sinatra's sweet little Nancy and her husband-to-be, singer Tommy Sands.

LOUELLA PARSONS



*Demure Marilyn Monroe won her Globe for "the best comedy performance by a woman" in **Some Like It Hot**.*



Barbara Rush seemed to love the joke master-of-ceremonies Tony Randall made about her hairdo.



Mickey Hargitay laughed along with the audience at his adored wife Jayne Mansfield's opening line.

Big Night— Golden Globe Awards

Hollywood's Foreign Press handed out its annual accolades at a brilliant night at the Cocoanut Grove.

I'll be honest and admit I had special interest in the event this year as I was honored with a Golden Globe (more about this later), and also was honored by being invited to present the most important awards of the evening, "the world's most popular actor and actress."

Despite the blues of the strike, every star in Hollywood turned out dressed to the teeth to either receive an award or to present one.

Photographers had a field day snapping **Bing Crosby** and **Kathy**, **Marilyn Monroe**, and **Debbie Reynolds** and **Glenn Ford** making their first appearance as a 'date' in public.

Bing and Kathy came late, left early. I doubt if Emily Post would approve, but Bing made his "Thank You" speech (he won the C. B. De Mille Memorial Award for greatest contribution to entertainment): then he grabbed his Globe with one hand and Kathy with the other and ran, didn't walk, for the exit. Oh, well—Bing always has been a social law unto himself.

On the other hand, a model of politeness was **Debbie Reynolds** who conspicuously applauded **Elizabeth Taylor's** winning "best actress of the year" award (*Suddenly, Last Summer*). Debbie looked beautiful in pale green chiffon and Glenn patted her hand encouragingly when she got up to make one of the presentations. Glenn is very sweet with Debbie—but gossip is his heart is elsewhere.

Doris Day won "the most popular actress in the world" Globe and she wore a high-fashion ankle-length cream-colored moiré

gown with a matching jacket lined in sable! I was very flattered at being asked to present her Globe to Doris—and later to **Rock Hudson** as "the most popular actor."

The evening was well underway when Marilyn Monroe arrived and the room was darkened except for the lights on the dais, but with a small army of photographers making a dash for her we were not long unaware of MM's presence. She looked like a poster girl in a long white dress cut low with gobs of white fox around her shoulders. Marilyn won her Globe for "the best comedy performance by a woman" in *Some Like It Hot*.

But the real comedy hit of the evening was **Jayne Mansfield**, whose opening line, coming on the heels of the strike, "I'm glad to be working again," brought down the house although most of us were laughing with tears in our hearts, I'm afraid. . . .

There was some mix-up about Rock Hud-



Bing Crosby and his Kathy came late, left early. He just grabbed his award and ran!



International favorites: Doris Day, "the most popular actress in the world," and Rock Hudson, "the most popular actor!"



This was the night Debbie Reynolds and Glenn Ford made their first appearance as a 'date.'

son's seats and he and his date, Pat McCallum, were shifted from table to table and even stood up for a long time with no seats at all. Rather unusual considering that Rock was the winner of the most important male trophy! He certainly was pleasant about all the switching around and showed not the slightest temperament nor annoyance. . . .

I thought **Susan Kohner** and **Angie Dickinson** gave the nicest speeches of "Thanks" among the new stars honored. Susan has a special glow about her these days and I think her new romance with **George Hamilton** has a lot to do with it. Of course she was with George.

For some reason every woman at **Dinah Shore's** table seemed to have her hair done exactly like Dinah's—even to the blonde color. Dinah won as "outstanding woman singer and TV personality"—doesn't she always? She wore black and white, and somebody

cracked, "—a switch from her color TV show."

Although Marilyn Monroe, his co-star of *Some Like It Hot*, was in the room, **Jack Lemmon** made no mention of her (or **Tony Curtis**) when he picked up his Globe for

Tuesday Weld, all dolled up formal, complete with shoes, lost her voice, called it "laryngitis" and whispered "Thank You" for her promising new star award. **Eve Arden** (then mistress of ceremonies) said, "Laryngitis? What you've got is nerves, girl!" . . .

I was nervous, too, but I hope I didn't show when **Dick Powell** gave me such a wonderful introduction before presenting me with my Golden Globe for "outstanding journalistic reporting throughout the world." I am deeply, deeply grateful and so happy that Dick was selected to make the presentation as he and I are old friends and co-stars of *Hollywood Hotel*, the first hour-long broadcast ever put on radio. I am a sentimental man and I treasure such a tribute as this from the representatives of the Foreign Press, fellow workers and craftsmen.

Yes, it was a Big Night, and particularly me.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Lidia and Rossano Brazzi were just delighted with Anna Maria's singing.



Ricardo Montalban congratulated Judy Garland on how well she looked after her long illness.



(Left to right) Jimmy McHugh (co-host with Louella at party in honor of Anna Maria Alberghetti's opening), Anna, actress Barbara Rush, Louella.



George Hamilton has that look in his eye for his one-and-only, lovely Susan Kohner.

Party for Anna Maria

Little wonder that songbird **Anna Maria Alberghetti** sang like an angel straight down from heaven her opening night at the Cocoanut Grove. The stars seated ringside to listen to this beautiful Italian girl with the magnificent voice (and she's branched out into dancing, too) would have turned the head—and heart—of any performer. Because she has long been a close friend of Jimmy McHugh and mine, we jointly hosted a party for Anna Maria.

Judy Garland came, one of her first public appearances since her long illness, and

everyone was so delighted to see her well

Lidia and **Rossano Brazzi** were present, Rossano being my dinner partner. He told me he thought Anna Maria's voice was as lovely as many singers he had heard at La Scala in his native Milan.

Others who loved the show and later went back to congratulate the happy young star were the **Van Heflins**, **Guy Madisons**, **Eddie O'Briens**, **Terry Moore** and her husband, **Jayne Mansfield** and Mickey Hargitay, the **Ronald Reagans** and **Ricardo Montalbans**, and Nancy Sinatra and **Tommy Sands**.

And if I say so—as I shouldn't—I had a wonderful time at my own (and Jimmy's) party myself!

Sad Divorce

Just doesn't seem possible that *I Love Lucy* isn't true anymore and that the end of what was the most popular TV show of all time also sees the end of the marriage between **Lucille Ball** and **Desi Arnaz**. Of all of the married stories of Hollywood this has been in many ways the most fantastic. A redheaded girl with a great sense of comedy and a Cuban with a funny accent who were, respectively, hits and then flops in Hollywood, went on to build up an empire of fame and finance that has no exact equal.

The whole world caught its breath when TV brought such wealth and fortune to Desi and Lucy that they casually bought for \$11,000,000 the old RKO Studio which had once fired Desi.

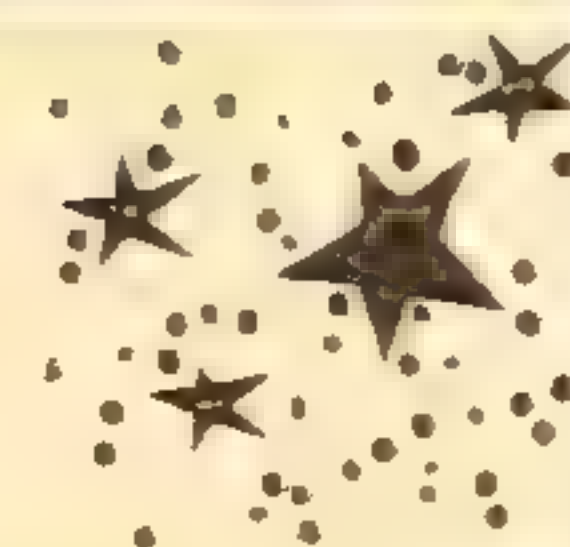
Together, they seem to have found everything wonderful in life including two beautiful and much loved children. And now, after nineteen colorful, explosive, unbelievable tempestuous (their marriage was never quiet) years it's ended in the big nothingness: divorce.

I know Lucille well and I know she tried, tried to keep this marriage together. She loved Desi—she probably still loves him.

But Desi is, well—Desi. Hot-headed, fan-following, nightclub-addicted, too easily flattered, often foolish, but also sometimes sweet and appealing. Now that it is all over I wonder what he will do without that always extended helping-hand and heart of the woman who loved him?

She has gone to New York (later the children will join her) to build a new life.

Desi? He remains in Hollywood, the boss of their TV company, and he has, well—that \$11,000,000 studio he acquired because "I loved Lucy."



I nominate for
STARDOM

Margo Moore

Believe me, a beauty! Because she has made only two pictures (*Hound Dog Man* and *Wake Me When It's Over*) she isn't always recognized when she walks into a nightclub or restaurant. But you know she's there. You can hear the murmurs, "Who is she?"

And then, "She looks like Grace Kelly."

She does—but she doesn't appreciate the compliment. "I don't want to be a 'poor man's anybody,'" she begs.

Also, despite her success as a model she doesn't admit to being "a model turned actress." She says, "Acting was always my goal. I studied dramatics in college, and later in New York, and I turned to modeling only to pay for my lessons until I was equipped to seek work."

Recently she has made the gossip columns as an item with smart young producer Bob Radnitz whose current hit is *A Dog of Flanders*. Neither dates anyone else—yet she skirts a definite marriage date. "I suppose you might describe our situation as being engaged to be engaged," Margo smiles.

It will be her second marriage and she has a five-year-old son named Darryl by her first husband. The boy lives with Margo in an apartment in Beverly Hills. "I couldn't bear to have him away from me," she explains.

She was born Marguerita Guarnerius in Chicago on a certain April 29th, but attended the University of Indiana for her schooling. She is grateful that her successful modeling career led her to Hollywood with time off for TV in between. She did commercials as well as drama on TV and likes it. But she loves motion pictures.

And her 20th Century-Fox bosses are sure you are going to love Margo, the cool, grey-blue eyed, intelligent blonde who looks and acts a great deal like a one-time Miss Kelly, of Hollywood.



Lucille forces a smile; Desi turns sadly away from the camera. The children, Lucy and Desi IV, know now that their parents are divorcing.

Liz' Latest Injury

Elizabeth Taylor had expected to plane out with **Eddie Fisher** to pick up her "best actress" award at the Foreign Press Dinner in person. But she and Eddie, the day before, had made a hurried trip to Philadelphia to visit his mother who has been quite ill. Entering a cafe where they had gone for a bite of dinner, Liz slipped on the ice and strained her ankle.

Her New York movie, *Butterfield 8*, which she's making with Eddie and **Laurence Harvey** had just been shut down because of the actors' strike.

If anything good could be said to be coming out of all this trouble it is that the delay gave Liz a chance to nurse her injured ankle.

Poor Liz, always in and out of hospitals—this last time for her ankle.



LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Fred MacMurray and his lovely June Haver graced the gala premiere.



Nanette Fabray (left) joined Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson on the Carthay Circle terrace.



Sammy Davis, Jr. lavished praise and compliments on his "Clan" pal, Shirley MacLaine, for her great role in Can-Can, but she protests modestly.

Glittering "Can-Can" Premiere

It might seem from all the social activity the week the strike was declared that Hollywood was being frivolous—but believe me, we were keeping our chins up with tears in our hearts.

It helped no one, even those laid-off, to sink into gloom and it was a courageous face Hollywood turned to the world, her glamour banners flying.

The entire Carthay Circle forecourt and

terraced approach looked like a Paris street as the stars turned out for *Can-Can*, the big, bright, gaudy, entrancing picture starring **Frank Sinatra**, **Shirley MacLaine**, **Maurice Chevalier** and **Louis Jourdan**.

Director Walter Lang, and his wife, Fieldsie, had invited Jimmy McHugh and me to be their guests and it was an added thrill to spend the evening of such a big triumph for Walter as a member of his party.

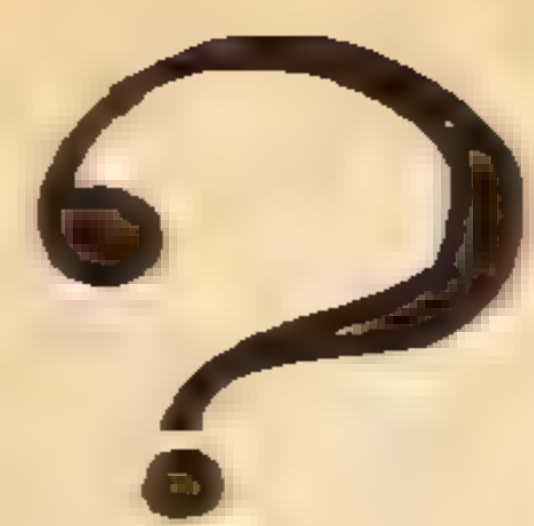
Along with us were those two cute 'just-engaged' Nancy Sinatra and **Tommy Sands**, and Nancy's mother. The junior Miss Sinatra kept flashing her beautiful diamond engagement ring (which held her attention, I'm afraid, more than her father

up on the screen).

Shirley MacLaine kept us amused by asking if we thought *Can-Can* would be released in Russia where 'Mr. K' (who panned it as in bad taste when he visited the set) could see the finished movie.

Jayne Mansfield, sporting more décolletage than usual (if that's possible) was on the arm of her ever-lovin' Mickey Hargitay and I must say the crowds seem fond of this really good-natured girl—she always gets a big hand.

Among others I saw **Eddie G. Robinson**, **June Haver** and **Fred MacMurray**, producer Buddy Adler and his wife, **Nanette Fabray**, and many, many others.



PERSONAL OPINIONS

I think 1960 will be the marriage year of **Kim Novak** and director **Richard Quine**. She was beside herself when she heard he had fallen ill in London after flying there to take over the direction on *The World of Suzie Wong*, and as I write this she is planning to join him. Could be the wedding will be in England. . . .

Got a chuckle out of reading in *Insider's Newsletter* that Princess Grace's efforts to be a matchmaker between millionaire **Aristotle Onassis** and **Ava Gardner** came to naught. The Princess was so sure the Greek ship-building magnate would fall for Ava, her friend from Hollywood days, that she arranged a most intimate dinner. But the expected flame didn't ignite—and the palace dinner turned into a bit of a fiasco. . . .

Who says Hollywood forgets or is cold to former movie Queens? The reception received by **Bette Davis** when she and **Gary Merrill** opened before the home folk in *The World of Carl Sandburg* was tremendous and even over the footlights you could see Bette's eyes shining with happiness. . . .

I'm getting fed up with master of ceremonies who try to be funny by making references to "the men's room" or "powder rooms." Certainly Hollywood's most formal affairs do not need this type of Chic Sale humor. . . .

Nor have I been amused at many cracks about the strike—whether it proves to be short or long. Steve Allen went up in my estimation when, acting as M.C. at the premiere of *Can-Can*, he said he had deleted all jokes referring to the strike from his script. . . .



Grace Kelly and her Prince exchanged delighted smiles, thinking their matchmaking was working; they didn't notice Ava's bored expression.



Poet Carl Sandburg is very proud of the way Bette Davis read his works.



Could be a London wedding for Kim and Richard Quine.



Nancy was glad to do her father the favor of welcoming Elvis home.

Elvis Made Her Weep

I'm sure the only teenager who ever broke into heartbroken sobs because she had to meet **Elvis Presley** is Nancy Sinatra, the 19-year-old apple of **Frank Sinatra's** eye!

And lest you other girls find this hard to believe, remember that Nancy and **Tommy Sands** had just given me the scoop of their engagement and Tommy was waiting on the Coast with her engagement ring while poor little Nancy remained in New York as a favor to her father.

Frank was paying Elvis \$125,000 to appear on his (Frank's) TV show—a welcome home to the world's most famous GI, and he had asked his daughter to do the honors for him and meet Elvis when he flew in. It was very appropriate as Nancy, too, was to appear on the show as her father's hostess.

She is a dear little girl and glad to do a favor for her Dad—even though her heart

was 3,000 miles away in California with another popular singer.

But the morning Elvis arrived, the Eastern seaboard was hit with the worst March snow storm in 100 years! With teeth chattering, Nancy had met Elvis, welcomed him for herself and her father, posed for pictures and then started (she hoped) for another airport where she would catch her own plane to Los Angeles and Tommy!

Half-way back to New York, the chauffeured limousine Frank had sent for her broke down in the enormous snow-drifts and half-frozen to death she walked to a service station and put in a call to her mother—and Tommy.

"Yes, I met Elvis," she told Nancy Sr. and Tommy, "But I'm so cold and miserable!" And the next thing her mother and sweetheart heard were just heartbroken sobs!

That didn't last long—not after Tommy slipped that four-carat emerald cut diamond surrounded with baguettes on her finger five hours later in Sunny California!

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



The fans are suggesting names for Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer's expected baby.



Dozens of readers say Elvis' imitators will fade now that he is back.



In one month, there were 20 rave letters about James Shigeta.



Brandon DeWilde: one girl calls him "the cutest boy."



LETTER BOX

You fans are pretty nice people and much more concerned with the inner workings of Hollywood than I supposed. The very week of the strike many of you airmailed letters to my desk expressing sympathy for actors as a group and your favorites in particular. As expressed by some of you:

Poor **Edd "Kookie" Byrnes**, my favorite. First the suspension by his studio and now this strike, sympathizes **VIRGINIA DEWITT**, ATLANTA. Some of the stars are rich and can weather bad times. But we people who work for smaller salaries can certainly feel for the others like "Kookie." What a thoughtful comment, Virginia. May Hollywood's troubles be settled by the time you read this. . . .

DONALD WEIR, BROOKLYN, has an active plan: I'm not going to patronize any foreign made movies while Hollywood is having such a bad time, he writes. Hollywood has given me my greatest pleasure and has brightened my life in many sad times—and I'm going

to prove my appreciation by spending my money only on Hollywood made films. Hurray for you, Don. . . .

Elvis, Elvis, **Elvis**—all over the mail! Elvis, the original, is back—now watch all his imitators fade, opines **PHYLLIS TERRY SMITH**, TACOMA, who admits she is only 15. But the girl speaks for dozens of fans, many of them older, who echo her sentiments.

Audrey Hepburn is the only real beauty in Hollywood and makes those wholesale blondes look like floozies. I hope she wins the Award for **THE NUN'S STORY**, postcards **CLEMENTINE O'DONNELL**, BATON ROUGE. Well, you are certainly extravagant in your praise for your favorite, my friend. . . .

Well, another letter from Baton Rouge (you Louisianians are going strong this month.) Why don't you and **MODERN SCREEN** conduct "A Date With **Brandon de Wilde**" contest? enthuses **B. WILLIAMS**. What a prize to win—being escorted around Hollywood by the cutest 17-year-old boy on this earth!

And, **VIRGINIA HEINZE**, TIPP CITY, OHIO, wants us to conduct a contest awarding a date with **Elvis Presley!!!** Are you listenin', David Myers? . . .

GERMAINE ROY, SPRINGFIELD, read where

Audrey Hepburn and **Mel Ferrer** are welcoming suggestions for a name for their expected baby and Germaine offers: For a boy—Mark, Paul, Tony, Kenny, Scott, all go well with Ferrer. For a girl—Susette, Paula, Donna, Marie and Penny are my suggestions—and good ones, too, Germaine. . . .

Thank you for nominating **James Shigeta** for stardom, writes **PAT GERBER**, PLACERVILLE, CALIF. I saw **THE CRIMSON KIMONO** twice and believe me my eyes were glued to this wonderful and handsome actor! . . . (By actual count, twenty letters of raves over Shigeta this month). . . .

GEORGETTE DAWSON writes snappily from DALLAS, What's the matter? You haven't panned **Marlon Brando** as an actor lately? Can't remember ever panning Marlon as an actor. I think he's great. It's just some of his off-screen antics I find annoying. . . .

That's all this month. See you next month

Loella Parsons



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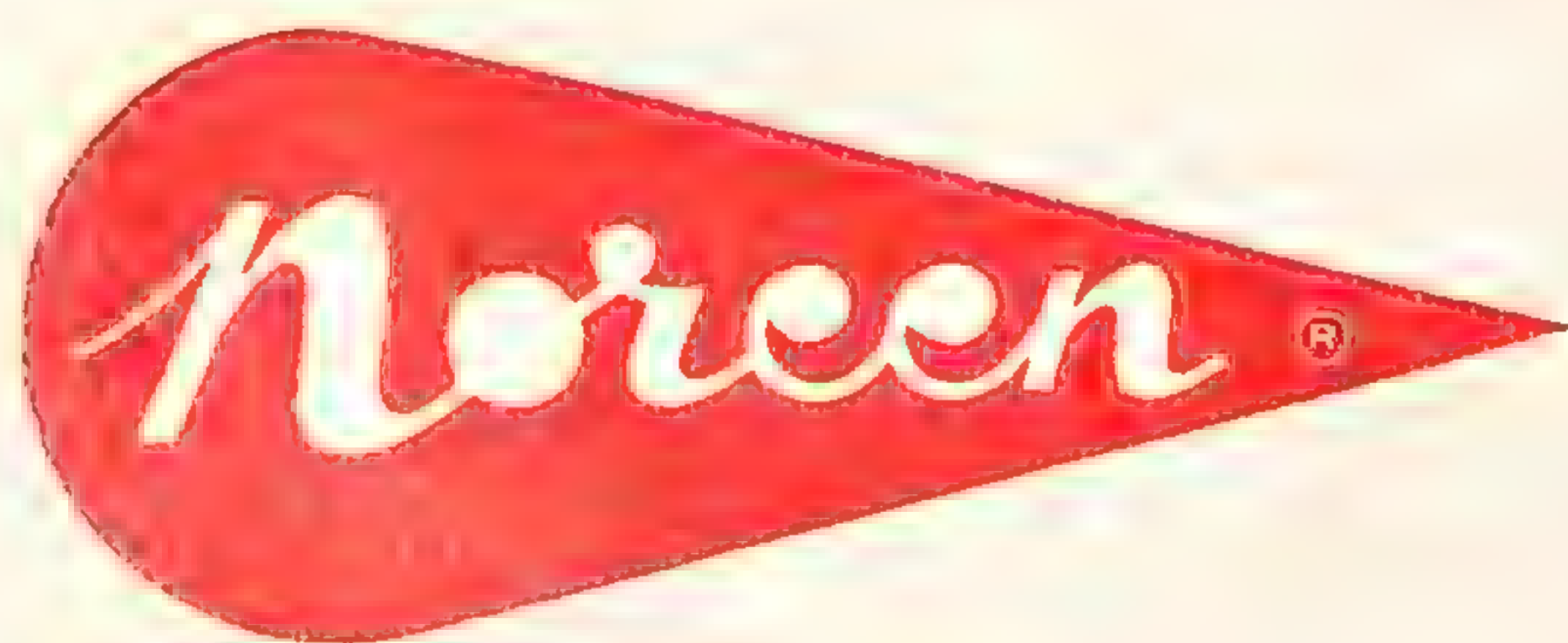
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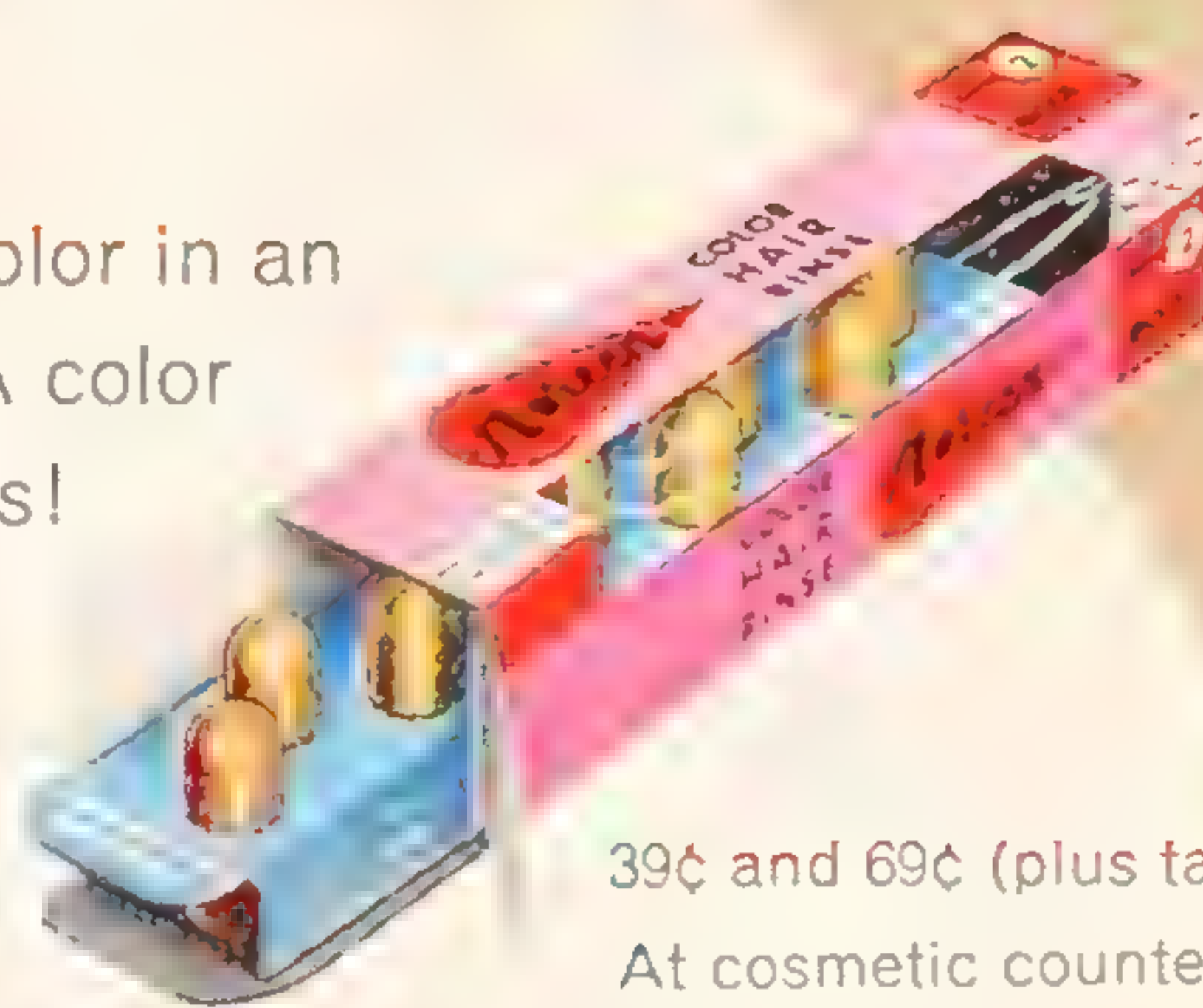
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Joan Crawford:

THAT'S A SWITCH!



■ "I might be a little late for our dinner date tonight," Joan Crawford said as she hurried out the door on her way to the television studio. "I've got a lot of screen tests to take."

Her daughter Christina closed the door after her and wondered, ". . . *Screen tests?*" Her mother, after all, hadn't taken a *test* in years; she was a proven star.

But she, Christina, wasn't proven yet, and if she was going to be on time for her own appointment, she'd better hurry and dress. Her agent had phoned her that she was going to be tested for a leading role.

Mother and daughter met again at dinner that evening, star and starlet. After they ordered, Christina said, "Mother, what was that you said this morning about making a lot of screen tests? I thought you didn't bother any more."

"Oh no, darling," Joan laughed. "I was testing the *cameramen*. I did take a screen test, dozens, but I was looking for the best cameraman."

"But tell me, how did *your* day go? Didn't you have an appointment?"

"I did," Christina sighed ruefully. "But I didn't get it."

"Why not?" her mother asked sympathetically.

"They said I wasn't the type."

"Really? What type were they looking for?"

"Well, Mother," Christina giggled, "believe it or not, they wanted a girl who looked like the daughter of a movie star!"

flee!



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plastic squeeze bottles*

L. ARRECO



EDITORIAL

In your hour of torment, Sal, we are all praying for you...

In Sal Mineo's right eye there is a constant, excruciating pain. The medical name for the disease is Dendrite. It is a disease which 30 years ago was almost certain to result in blindness. Today a cure is possible, and Sal has not let his spirit flag. Bravely, perhaps even a little foolishly, he has gone on working harder than ever—despite warnings that he needs all his strength to finally lick this trouble which first hit him 7 years ago.

Here now is Sal's own story of his fight to save his sight. We thank him for telling this story, which may help others—and we are sure that everyone who reads it will offer his or her own prayer for Sal. . . .

(Story begins on page 62)



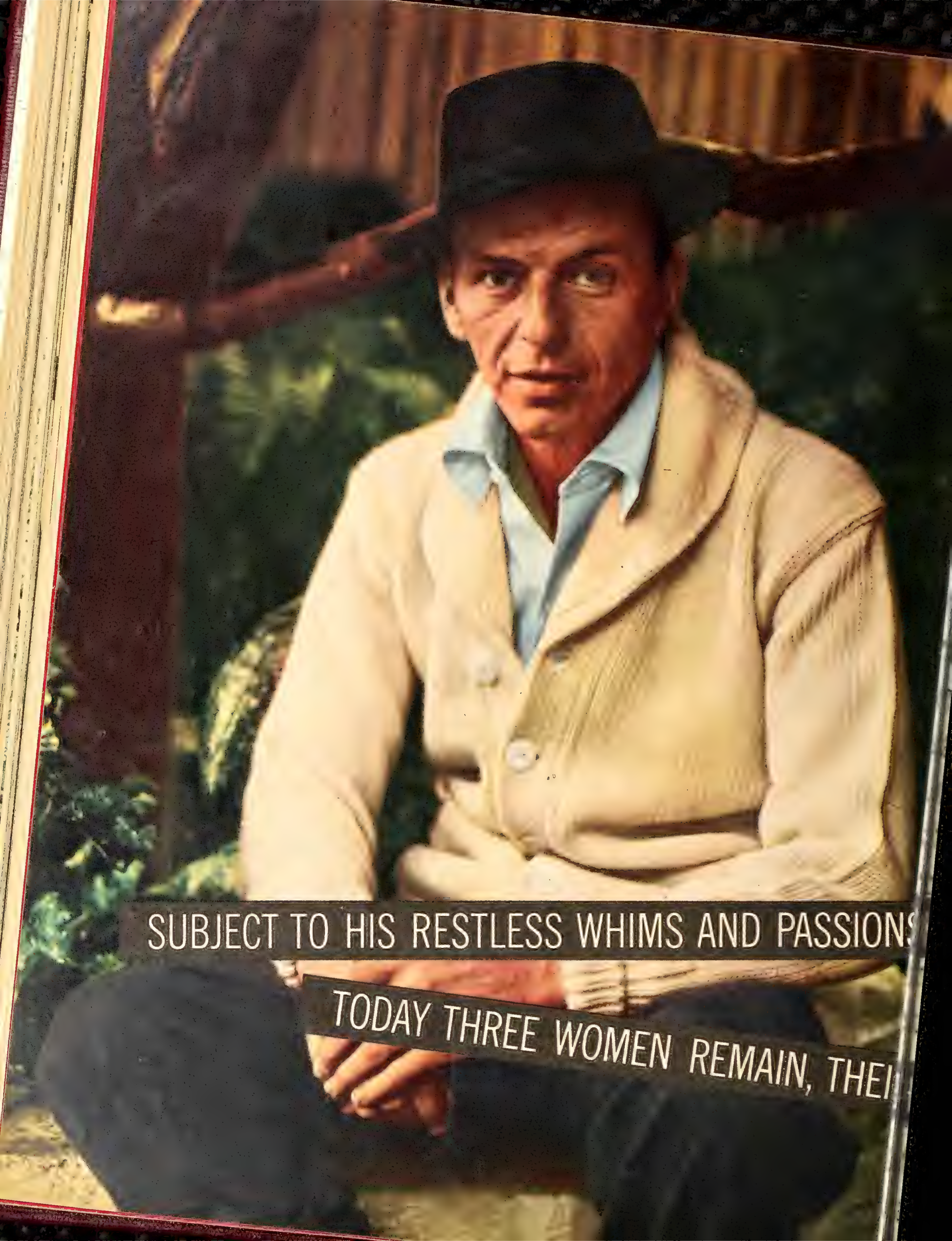
Debbie as a Bride



DARE SHE WEAR WHITE

Before saying no, read the strange miracle of this wedding gown...

When the lovely photographs of Debbie in her new wedding dress arrived, all work stopped at MODERN SCREEN. Artists, writers and secretaries crowded around to look and go *ooh* and *ah*—and then to wonder. “Is Debbie marrying Harry Karl?” more than one person asked. “Is this the dress she’ll wear if she does marry him?” “How could she?” somebody asked. “Marry him or not, she’s been married before. And a bride doesn’t wear white—never, never—when she gets married a second time.” The gals around the office continued speculating on the problem, until finally, in order to get them back to work, our managing editor, Sam, called them into his office to give them the inside-inside story—the story behind the wedding dress—and to ask them if, after hearing the story, they still felt that Debbie shouldn’t wear white at her wedding. (*Continued on page 68*)



SUBJECT TO HIS RESTLESS WHIMS AND PASSIONS

TODAY THREE WOMEN REMAIN, THEIR

ncy Berg...Joan Blackman...Joan Boston
oy Buyere...Jeanne Carmen...Leslie Car
rguerite Chapman...**"Ezzard Charles"**...
ck...Rosmary Clifford...Marion
an Collins...Figg...Jill Cor
tty Cooper...Jan...Bella Dar
oria DeHaven...Marlene Dietrich...Vick
ita...Lisa...Shirley A
onda...Mona Freeman...Betty Fu
a Gabor...Zsa Zsa Gabor...Nancy Gates.
ta Grable...Gloria Graname...Joan Green
pp Hamilton...Beverly Hills...Jennifer
rrie...Mar...Arthur...Her...
nne James...aty...Pat...eefers
aire K...Grace Kelly...Deborah Kerr
i Lansing...Ann Lynch...Jackie Lougher
tty Mack...Ginny Malino...Dorothy Malo
rothy...Ann M
THE SINATRA WOMEN ARE SWIFTLY CAST ASIDE
ne Neyland...Joyce Nizzari...Kim Novak
uise O'Brien...The Marquesa de Portago
Ziva Rodann...Carmen Sev
HEARTS, THEIR VERY LIVES ARE IN HIS HANDS
t Taylor...June Tolley...Dorothy Towne
ana Trask...Joan Tyler...Gloria Vanderl
esday Weld...Melissa Weston...Nancy Wh

The
Sinatra
Women
continued



THESE WOMEN ARE WAITING, FRANK—THEIR LIVES ARE IN YOUR HANDS



■ This was going to be a big hour for Frank Sinatra. He knew that.

He began by loosening his tie and looking around the living room of his Las Vegas hotel suite.

His ex-wife sat just across from him.

His daughter, Nancy Jr., and Tommy Sands, who'd come with Nancy Sr., sat on a small couch to his left.

"Well," Frank said, after a moment, breaking the silence, "what's the case, and who's the first witness?"

The other three laughed a little, nervously.

"You know what we came for, Daddy," said Nancy Jr.

"I do?" asked Frank.

"I told you on the phone yesterday, from California," the girl said. "Tommy and I—we want to get married."

"And—" Tommy started to say.

But he gulped and stopped.

"And," Nancy Sr. took over for him, "they want your permission of course, Frank."

Frank Sinatra nodded, slowly.

"Okay—" he said.

The others (*Continued on page 60*)

ENDS



VILLE



...first trip into the fantastic secret castle
of Natalie and Bob, the mad young millionaires...

By Louella Parsons

■ Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner have passed their second milestone—having reached two years and two months (as this is written) of marriage with their romantic love still burning brightly, even if she does call him “old R.J.” and he calls her “Nat.” “How about these so-called difficult first years?” I asked the lovebirds as we sat in the colorful playroom of their elaborate

new house—and I mean elaborate! “That first-year stuff is all nonsense,” said Bob. “All you have to do is use a little common sense. Why should the first year, even though it is a period of adjustment, be any different from the second or any of the years that follow? Who started this business that the beginning of marriage has to be rough—or that scenes (Continued on next page)



"This girl I've known so long, who always went in for comfort and simplicity, as did her beloved 'old R. J.,' sounded so serious and 'wealthy' I couldn't help but laugh."



ENDSVILLE

continued

How do you get to Endsville? Well, you take your Rolls-Royce and go by way of the bank. Then ask any ancient Greek. When you see no more beatniks, you're there! You'll know it. It's way out.

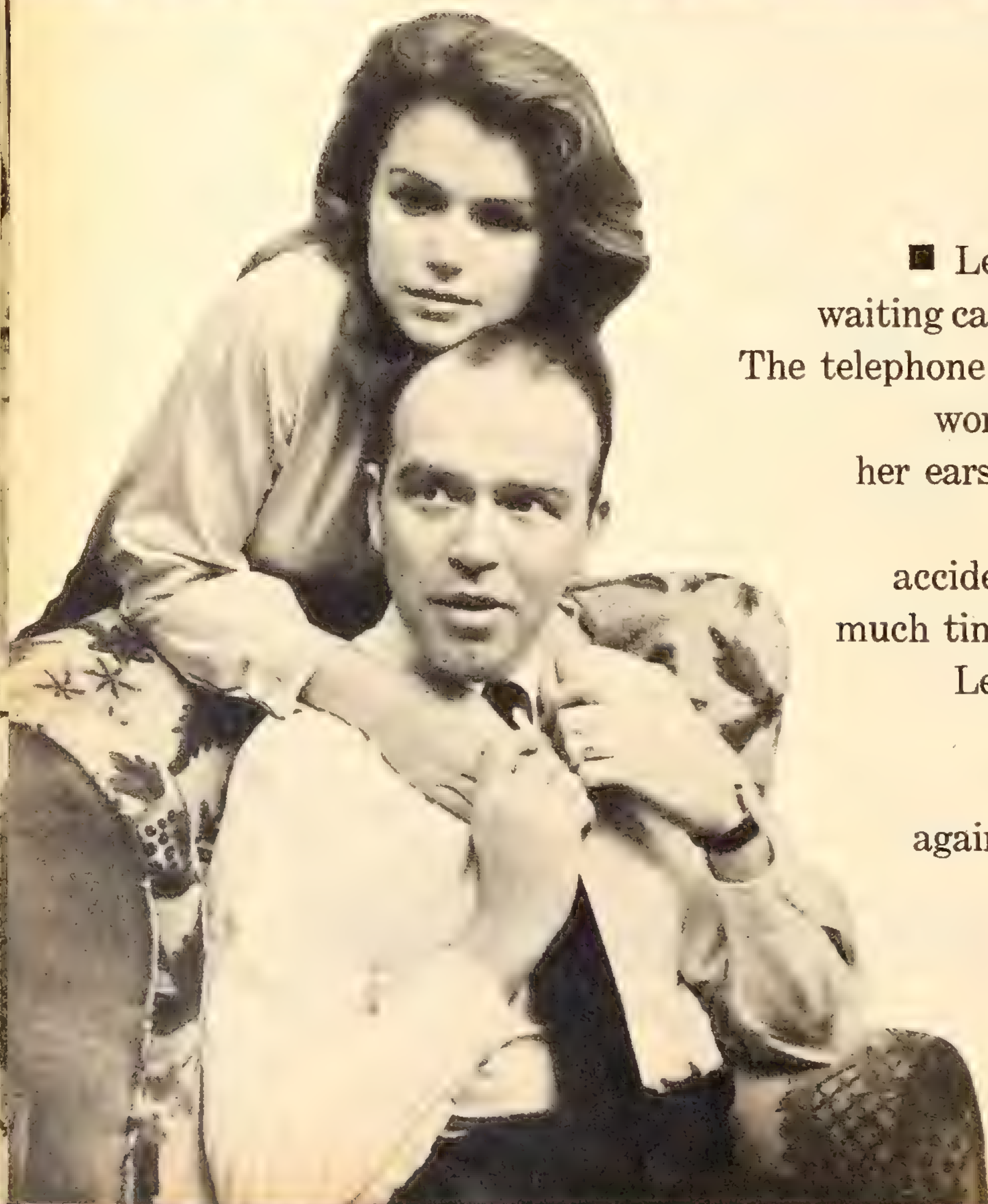
or bad temper are to be excused on the grounds of 'Oh, well—it's their first year—they'll get over it.' Why start anything—then you don't have to get over it!" Natalie, who looked like a doll in coral silk slacks that matched the shutters, nodded her dark head in agreement with her husband's philosophic comments. I had accepted the invitation of the Wagners to visit them and have a look at the mansion that the combined salary checks of Natalie and Bob have bought. There is no other home like it in Beverly Hills—or probably anywhere else. What they purchased was an English Colonial. What it will be when they get through with it is something best described by the Wagners. "When the remodeling is complete it will be along the lines of Greek revival," said Natalie knowingly. "Greek revival!" I said, trying not to show my ignorance. "What's that?" "Well," answered Natalie, "our decorator, Dewey Spriegel, says the early Greeks and Italians had the most beautiful homes of all—and livable and perfect for the climate of Southern California. The next time you visit us you won't even recognize the present architecture. By that time towering Grecian columns will front the house, the landscaping will be formal, and there will be a feeling of open spaciousness everywhere." This girl I've know so long, who always went in for comfort and simplicity, as did her (Continued on page 58)

dear God please

don't let him

The courageous life of Lee Remick

see me cry...



■ Lee Remick rushed from the plane and into the waiting car.

The telephone call of just a few hours ago—those horrible words, those painful words—still buzzed in her ears:

"I'm a doctor. Your husband's been in an accident. He's calling for you. There may not be much time. You'd better come quickly."

Lee had prayed on the plane.

And she prayed now, in the car.

The same prayer. Over and over and over again.

"Dear God in Heaven," she whispered. "Oh God, please don't take him away from me . . . And, please, oh God"—she brought (Continued on page 73)

ck



WHEN A GIRL BECOMES A WOMAN....

*Sandra Dee's most intimate
thoughts on her 18th birthday...*

■ The sun came pouring brightly through Sandra's beautiful bedroom on the morning of April 23 and its rays bathed her sleeping figure with a golden glow.

Sandra stirred, then

slowly opened her eyes.

Oh, what a beautiful day, she thought. It couldn't be nicer if I'd ordered it specially.

She stretched out luxuriously on her white quilted king-sized bed. She knew

she should get up and join her mother for breakfast, but she just wanted to snuggle under the covers a little longer.

When she had retired the night before, she had
(Continued on page 70)



■ "I want to take the children away," Liz said. Eddie put down his morning newspaper and looked across the table at her with a stunned expression. "What in the world are you talking about?" he said. "I'm talking about this," she said, walking over to the window of the Park Lane Hotel in Manhattan, and looking down onto the concrete far below, filled with bustling people and traffic.

(Continued on page 54)



Secret report
from Connecticut

WHY LIZ IS TAKING THE CHILDREN AWAY



I loved Desi with all my



Heart

WHERE DID I FAIL?

■ Lucy opened one of the huge closets in the master bedroom of her Beverly Hills home, and tears began to mist her eyes. Desi's closet. Once filled with the colorful sport shirts he loved, with the fine custom-tailored suits she had helped him select. Now it was empty. Only that morning the movers had come to pack the clothes and take them away to where Desi was now living. Watching the men walk down the stairs carting the clothes away, Lucille felt as though she were watching them carry away the last visible remains of her marriage.

It had not seemed so final until this moment. Now, suddenly, she saw how very much over it all was. The marriage, the way of life, her dreams and her hopes and her love. That great, overwhelming love she had for Desi that had kept her going for so many years. He was gone. She felt chilly and shivered. She lowered her head and found some slight relief in the tears. They seemed to loosen up the sadness tied up inside of her. The memories, too. . . .

Sitting down weakly on the bed, she closed her eyes, shutting out the present, recapturing some of those wonderful days of the past when she and (Continued on next page)

*Lucille Ball's
own tragic
story of her
marriage*

WHERE DID I FAIL?

She gave him children, fame, and twenty years



1. 1940. An actress and a band-leader were married by a judge.

2. Desi was in the Army. The fight he was concentrating on wasn't with the enemy, but with Lucy.



3. The fights got too bad and they separated. Now Lucy dated Peter Lawford.



4. But Desi was the only one she loved. She remarried him in 1949.



5. It seemed they would never have a child, but 1951 brought Lucie Desiree.

Desi were married, before Desi grew cold.

"Where have I failed?" she asked herself. "I loved him so. Did I love him too much . . . ?"

With a slight start, she recalled that several of her friends had accused her of that. It had first been thrown up to her long ago, soon after she and Desi were married. Something a friend had said to her shortly after she and Desi were settled in their first home, an Early American house in the Valley. What was it? Yes, it was that time when she was telling her

friend what had happened the night before. She had thought it very delightful, very cute. Everything Desi did was delightful and cute. The friend had come by that afternoon and had noticed how tired Lucy was.

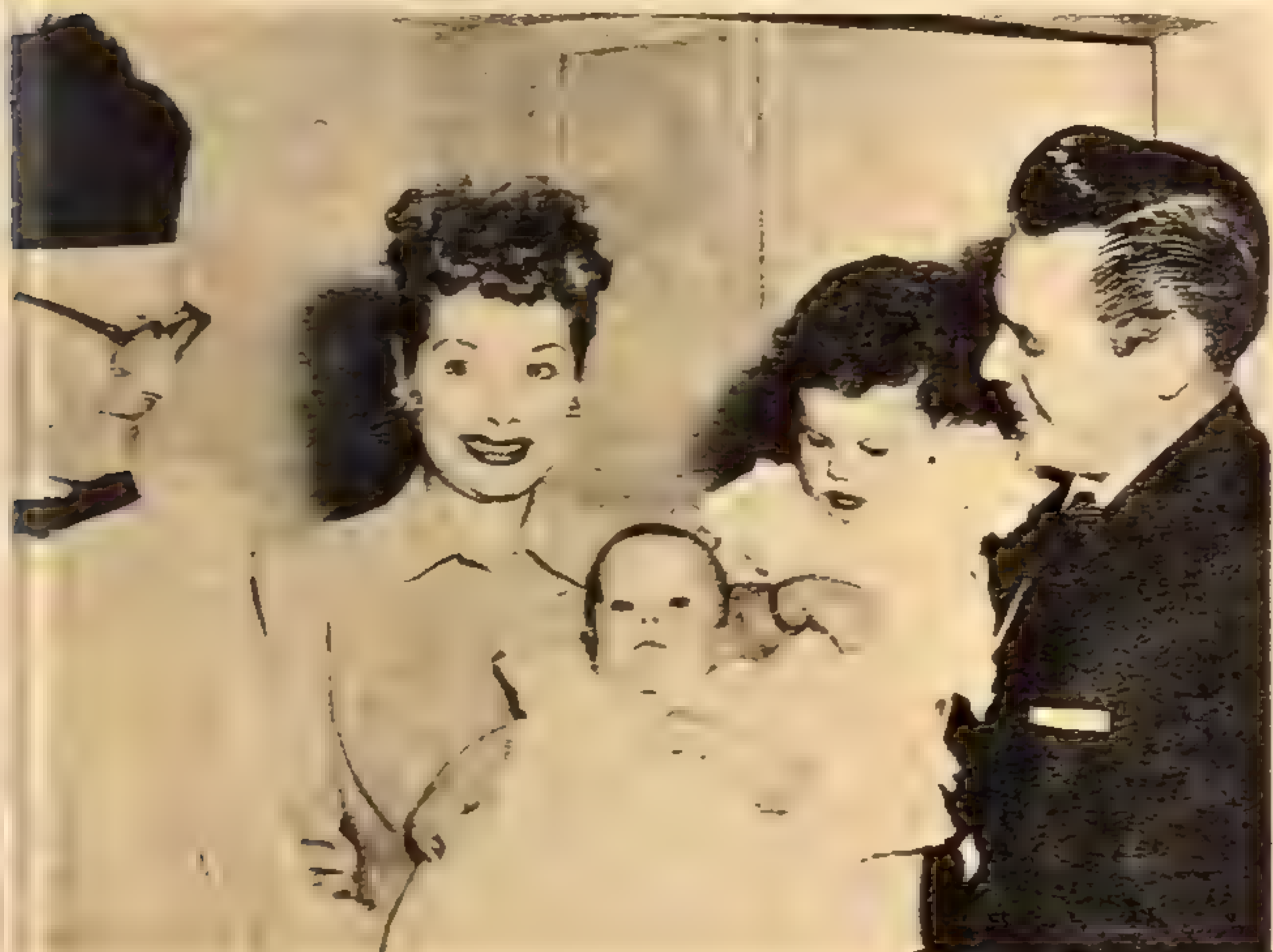
Lucy laughed and admitted that she was tired. "Do you know what happened?" she'd said to the friend. "The funniest thing. In the middle of the night—oh, it must have been around 4:00 or 5:00 in the morning—Desi woke up and said to me, 'Honey, please get (Continued on page 71)

of her life – what more could a woman give?

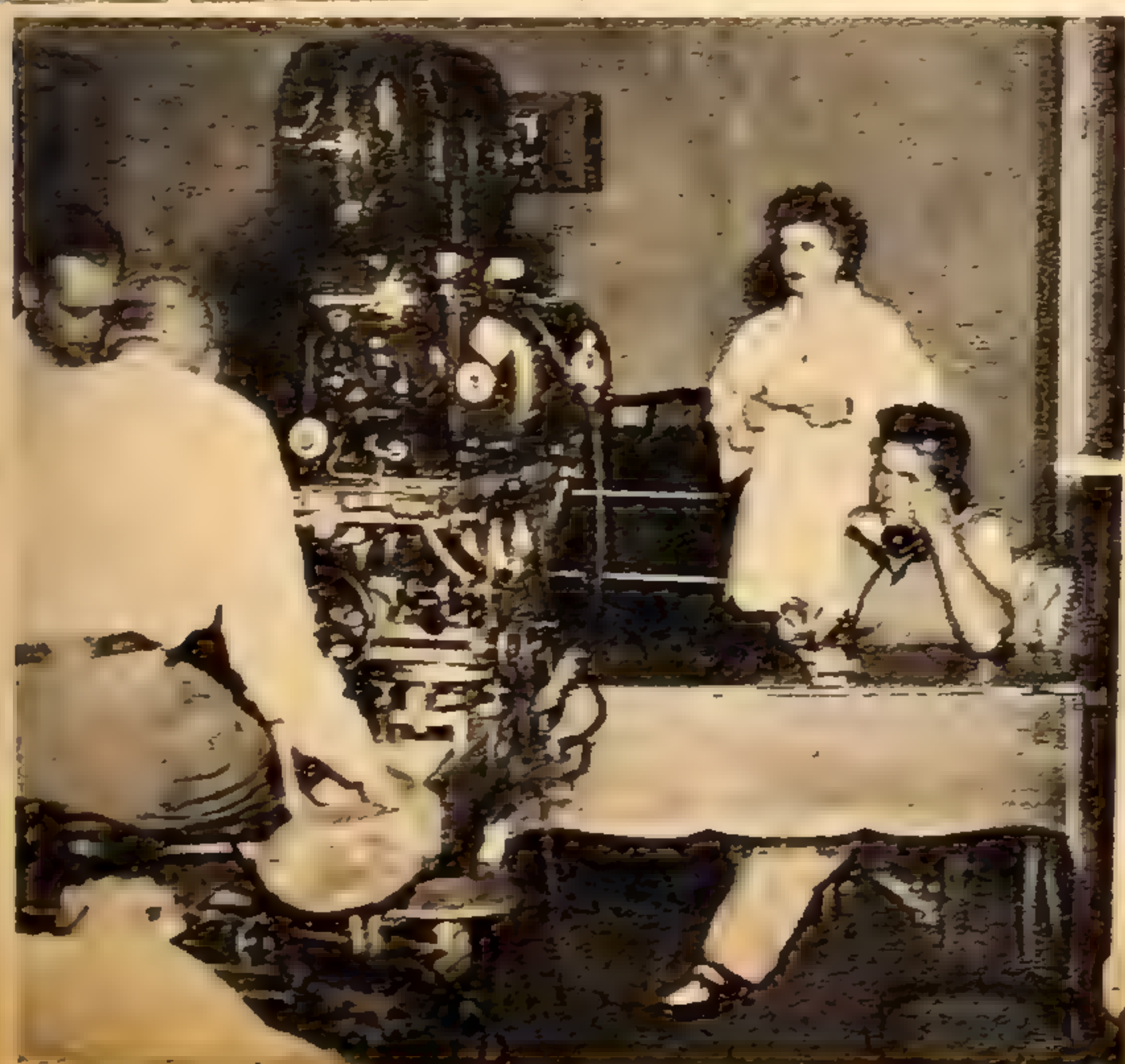
8. And I Love Lucy became the biggest moneymaker in TV.



6. 1953 brought a second miracle, the birth of the son they longed for. They named him Desi.



7. Lucy fought everybody to get Desi onto her new show—nobody else wanted him.



9. They bought an entire studio. Lucy gave out the word, "Desi's the boss."

10. She had given him children, wealth, and 20 years of her life.



From
Mr.
and
Mrs.
Richard
Egan



The story of Trish: our game little premature baby

■ Richard Egan had waited a long time to marry. He was in his thirties when he proposed to pretty Pat Hardy of the moonlit hair and Irish blue eyes.

But once he had carried Patricia over the threshold of his sprawling, modern home in Brentwood, he decided it would be a good idea to get started on a family as soon as nature

would permit. "All the playing around's been done," he said. "The bachelor living is over. I want to dig in as a father as well as a husband. I can take care of a family. No sense waiting."

Patricia felt the same way. Every month she hoped to become pregnant. It seemed like forever to her before she had the first indications

that a baby would be on its way. It was the day before Father's Day last year that the doctor gave her the good news. Although bursting to tell Rich, she kept the secret to herself all that day. The following morning, Richard found an elaborate Father's Day card under his coffee cup. "To be cashed in next year," it read, and he almost choked on his toast.

Along with Patricia, he read up on pregnancy and baby books until his tennis cronies began to call

him "Doc." Happy plans were made for the baby, due in February.

They'd come home from a big Christmas party at the Walter Wangers' late at night when Patricia began to have cramps.

"It must be the rich food. After all, it couldn't *possibly* be the baby. The nursery isn't ready," she protested with a desperate show of logic.

Something made Richard awaken in the middle of
(Cont. on page 56)





Childless and discontent, at 56 **Cary Grant**

has dared to submit himself to controver-

sial medical treatment—a mysterious new

drug called **L.S.D.** which intensifies the

emotions and unlocks hidden desires. Under

L.S.D. Cary says he is now ready to fall in love

for the first time in his life... Here is the ex-

traordinary account of **THE LOVE DRUG**

On that most important day of his life, almost two years ago, Cary Grant walked purposefully to his room, closed the door, and sat down to take stock of his life. He had to know, nearly, realistically, what

his years had meant to him, and what he felt about his future. Because he was about to make the greatest decision he'd ever made, and no one could help him make the choice. He had never, in his lifetime, felt so alone.

He was past fifty; he was a rich man; he was a star very much in demand, with salary and terms of his own asking; he was adored by women, teen-agers and grandmothers; he was idolized everywhere; he was wel-

come in palaces and aboard yachts; he was an international symbol of male elegance. Yet all this had brought no happiness, and he was facing it, painfully, now. That suave charmer the fans
(Continued on page 66)



ONE LITTLE GIRL AGAINST THE WORLD

by Helen Weller

■ Why was Cheryl Crane, Lana Turner's daughter, taken out of Beverly Hills High—out of her grandmother's lovely home in Beverly Hills—out of a 'normal' atmosphere—to be committed to a State institution for wayward girls, El Retiro School?

I spoke to many people, including the head probation officer of the County of Los Angeles.

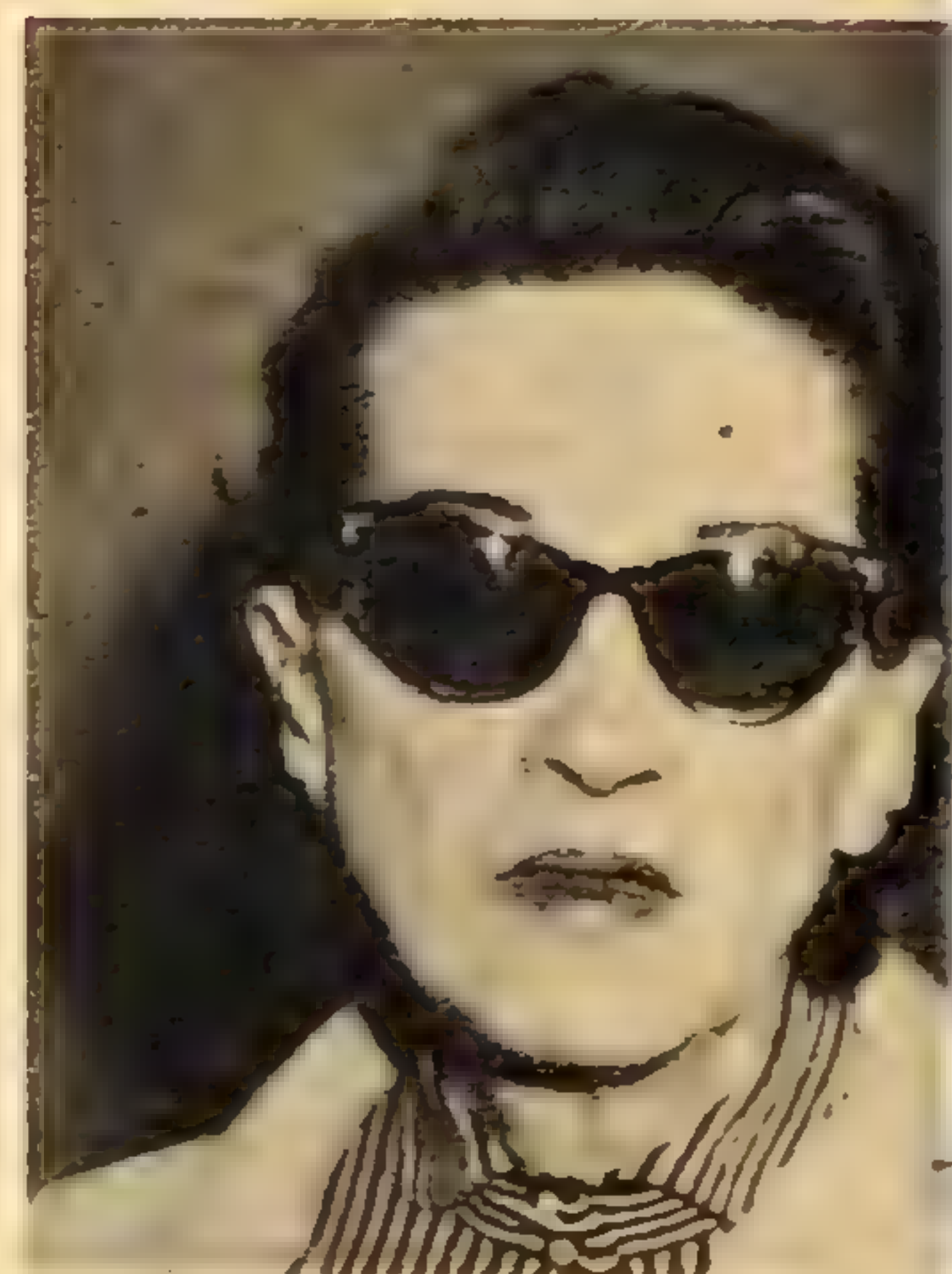
He told me: "There was no one specific incident that made us decide to send Cheryl to El Retiro. She did not commit a specific misdeed. It was only that living in the outside world had become very difficult for her. She was being reminded again and again of that terrible episode in her life (the stabbing) and these reminders were having a terrible effect on her. No one could have taken it, least of all a sixteen-year-old girl.

"Cheryl is a growing girl—sixteen going on seventeen (she will be 17 in July). She is passing through the most difficult years of her life. We felt she could no longer be exposed to the finger-pointing, made directly or indirectly. It might have ruined her forever. Cheryl (Continued on next page)

ONE LITTLE GIRL AGAINST THE WORLD *cont'd.*



Grandmother
Mildred Turner



Mother Lana
and current
boyfriend
Fred May

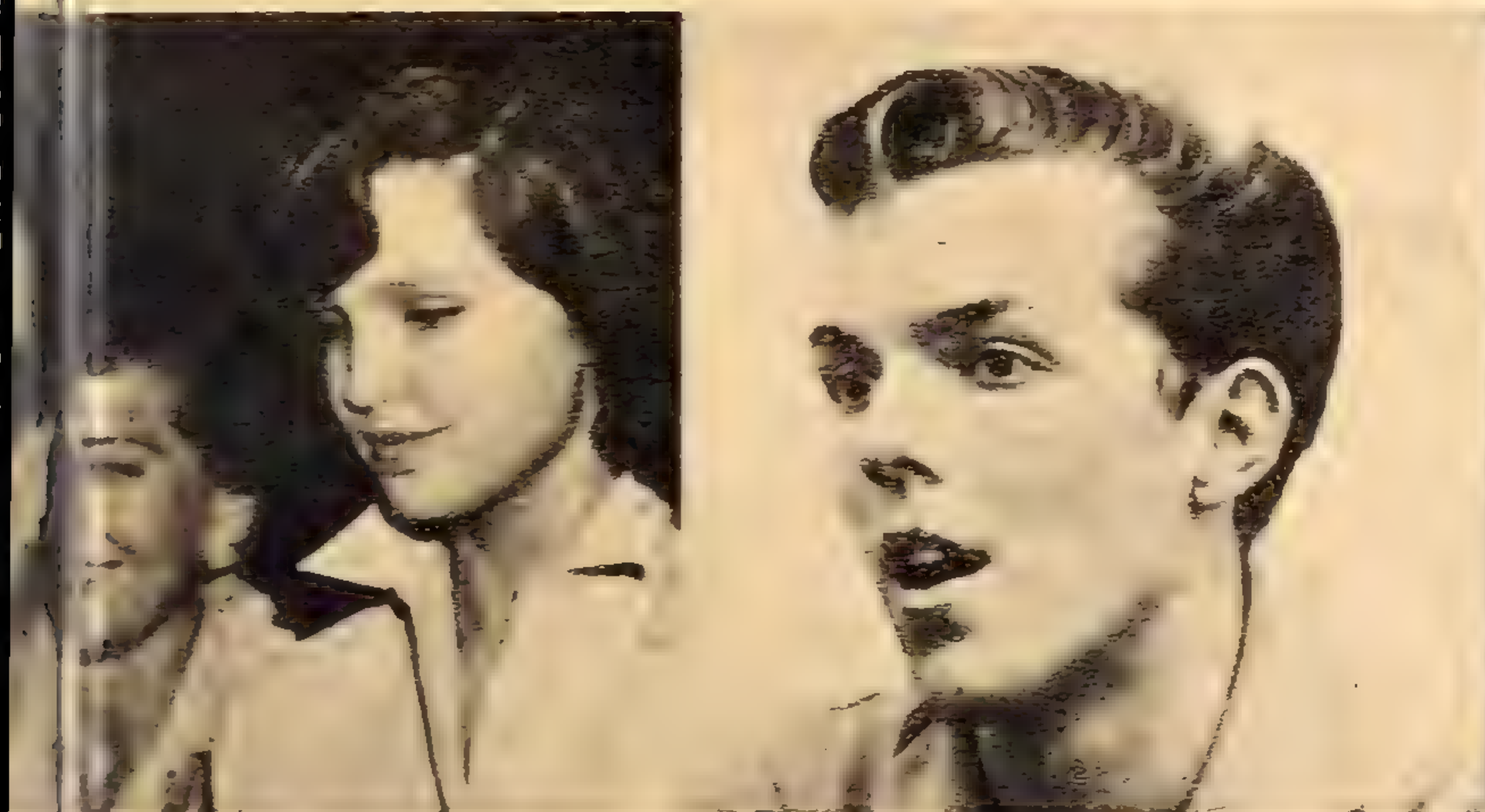
Father
Steve Crane
and current
girlfriend
Helen Demaree

Outcast by
“that horrible accident”
from the fun and
friends of the normal
world she knew,
she needed all the love
her parents could give.
But Mommy and Daddy
were always
someplace else...

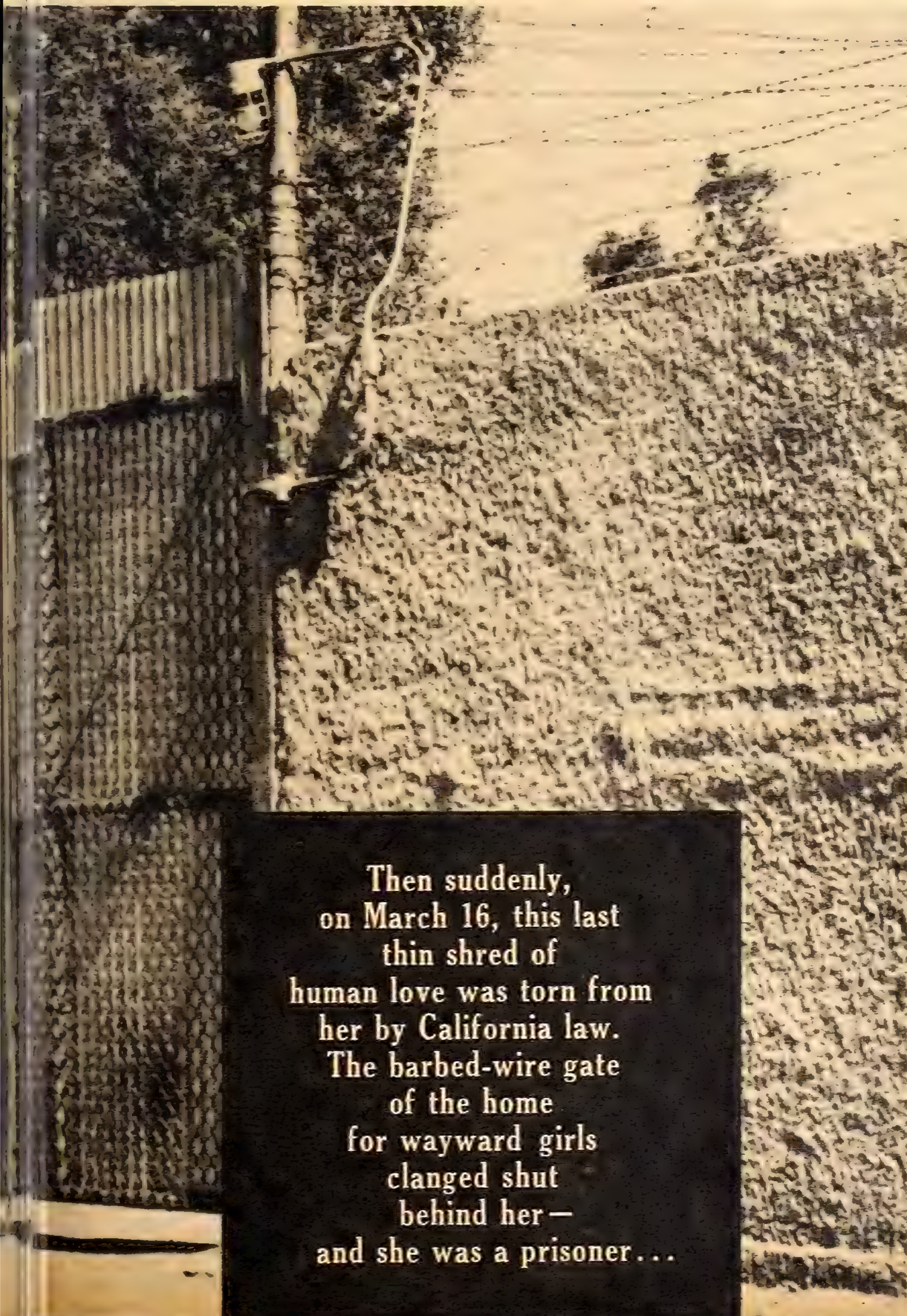


Probation officer
Jeanette Muhlbach

Car-hop
Robert Martin Gunn



Friendless, homeless,
exiled to grandma's house,
guarded constantly
by a probation officer,
Cheryl escaped at night
to find with car-hop Bob Gunn
affection and solace
no one else could offer...



Then suddenly,
on March 16, this last
thin shred of
human love was torn from
her by California law.
The barbed-wire gate
of the home
for wayward girls
clanged shut
behind her—
and she was a prisoner...

had been completely exonerated by a coroner's jury of the stabbing. She had been cleared by the court of any intent to commit a crime. Because of her youth, she was made a ward of the court. The court placed her in the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Mildred Turner (Lana's mother). Everyone tried to co-operate—the grandmother, Lana Turner, the father, Steve Crane and Cheryl herself. We tried it that way. But in the end, it didn't work.

"Cheryl's case has been such an extreme one that the ordinary probationary-care couldn't handle it. The slaying she had been involved in had made the front pages for months. We had hoped that permitting Cheryl to live nearly as normal a life as
(Continued on next page)

Inside the walls of El Retiro, tall oleander and olive trees create an illusion of peace. Within the rooms, photos, dolls, precious bits of memory, remind each girl of the lost bright world outside.



possible would be a good one for her," the probation officer continued. "So the court allowed her to live with her grandmother. She was permitted to go to a public high school, Beverly Hills High, where she would associate with teen age boys and girls.

"She also had constant sessions with a psychiatrist outside of high school life. Her probation officer, Mrs. Jeanette Muhlbach, met with her very frequently—more times than the probation officer (Continued on page 64)



It's no secret. Your favorite stars have been keeping in trim, outwitting weight problems, and looking younger every day by exercising to music. Those lovely 36-22-34 dimensions floating before your eyes on the screen aren't always gifts of nature. Almost all of Hollywood's beauties have to work at it—and work hard—to keep their lovely, slim silhouettes. Some struggle with a too-thin problem, a tendency to skinny arms and legs and flat chests. Most, however, must fight the fat bugaboo, just as most of the nation's fair ladies have to. And although they diet to gain or cut down on calories to lose, Hollywood's celebrated stars know the

total answer is not merely taking on or sloughing off pounds. Without exercise, flabbiness and saggy muscles result. So, Hollywood exercises. Where? At home, of course. Stars are usually too busy to take time to romp around a gym every day or to maintain a steady salon program. For their daily

exercises, they do their calisthenics before breakfast, before going to bed at night. To make it more fun and to get the job done, they do their setting-ups to music. And now, Modern Screen has taken the best of the Hollywood stars' favorite slim 'n' trim exercises and set them to Academy Award

winning songs like "Buttons and Bows," "Thanks for the Memory," "Mona Lisa" and many more for RCA's special "Modern Screen Hollywood Method" record album. See samples of these helpful exercises as they appear in the album's accompanying booklet on the next two pages. In addition, the booklet offers a

complete calorie counter, purse-size, to clip and tuck away for reference. The photographs below and on the next pages are the same ones used in the album to show you step-by-step performance of each individual exercise set to music. Easy to master, easy to do, Modern Screen's slim 'n' trim exercises will help you keep fit.

They Do It To Music



They Do It To Music

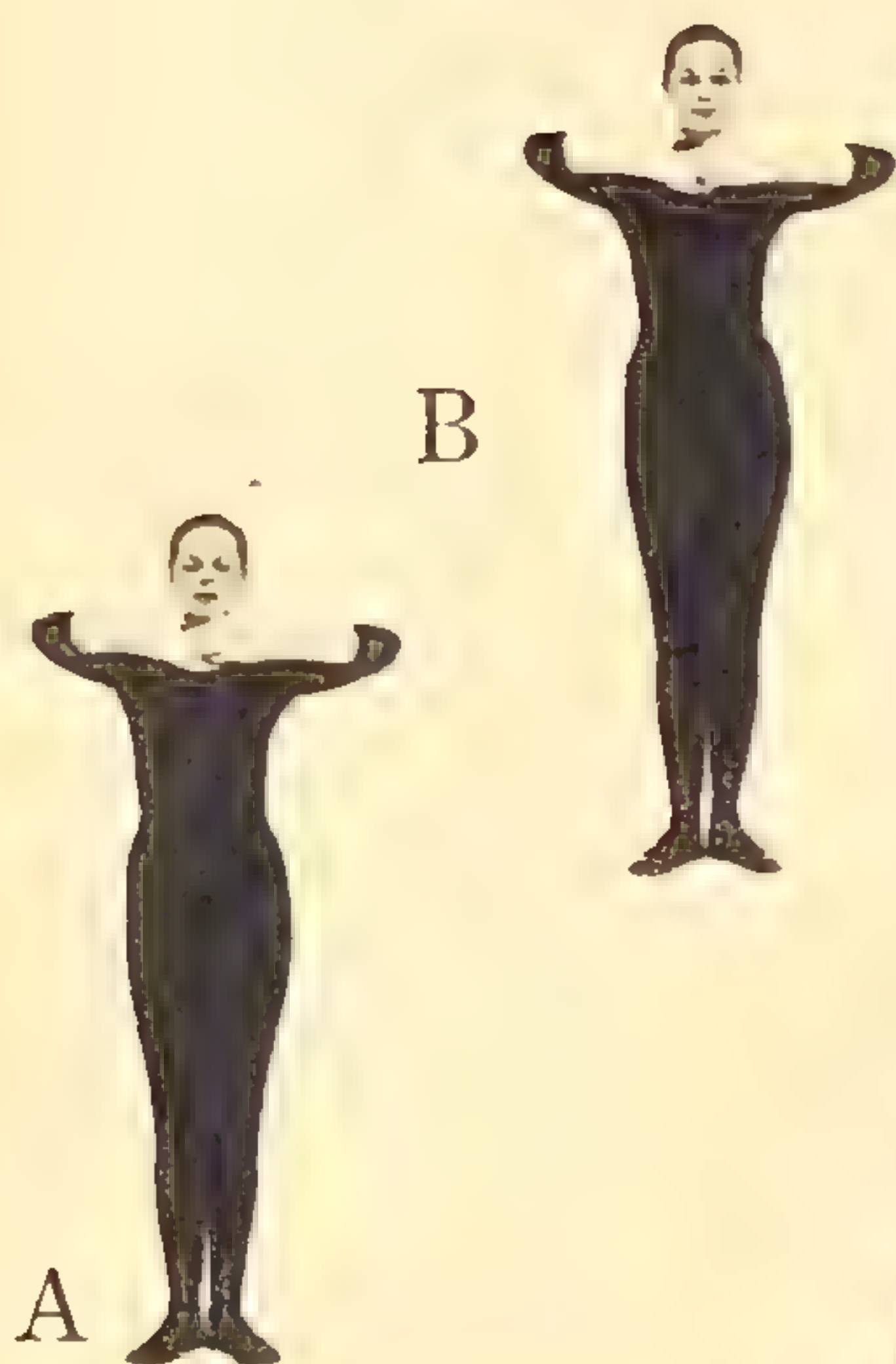
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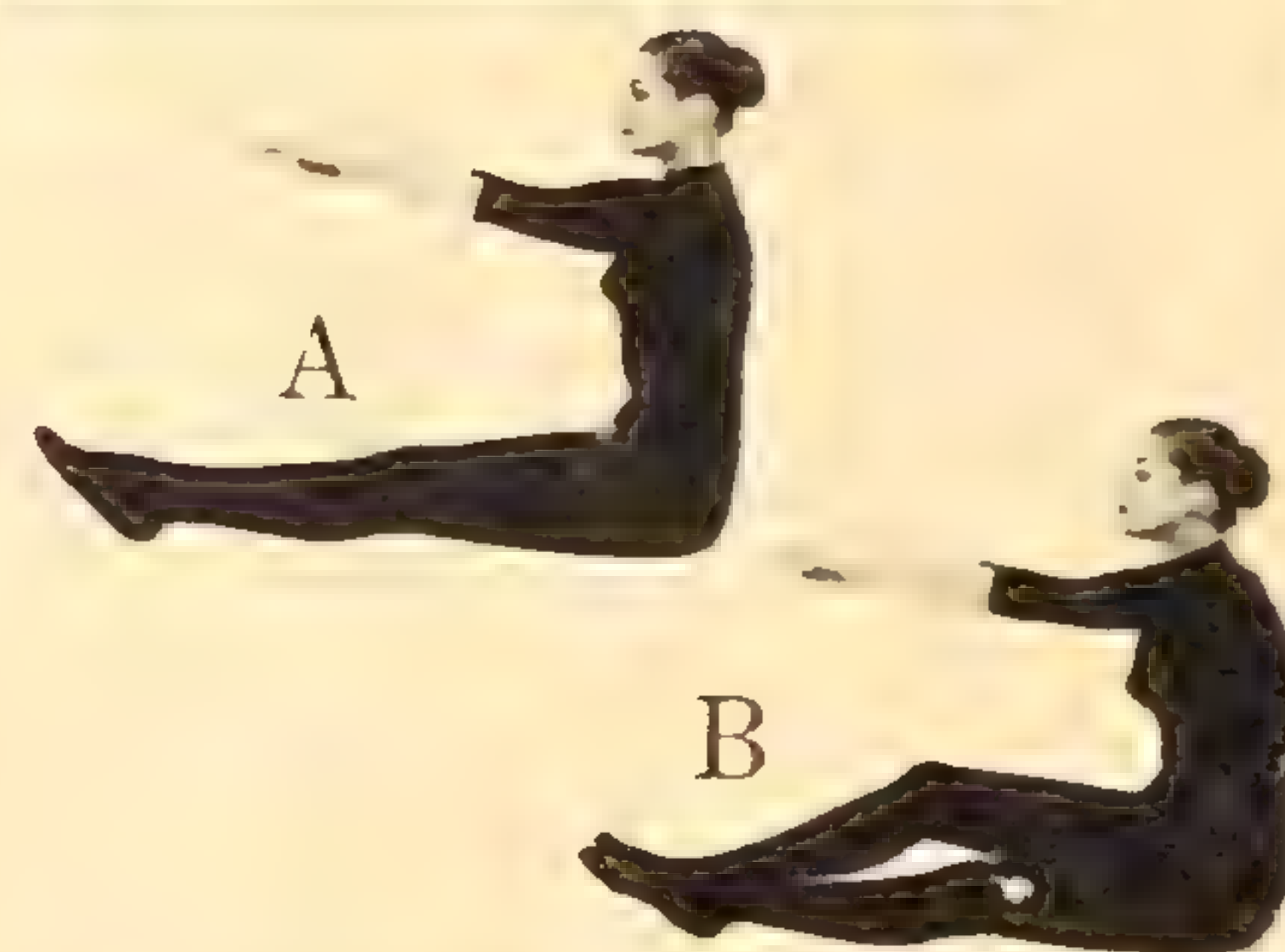
*for
lovely legs,
ankles and
thighs*

Stand with heels together and arms held loosely at shoulder height (A). Rise on toe (B). Bend knees all the way, deeply, and quickly sit on backs of heels (C). Rise up on toes again (D) and return to position (E). Repeat to a count of 4. Do ten times the first try. Increase to 20 later on.

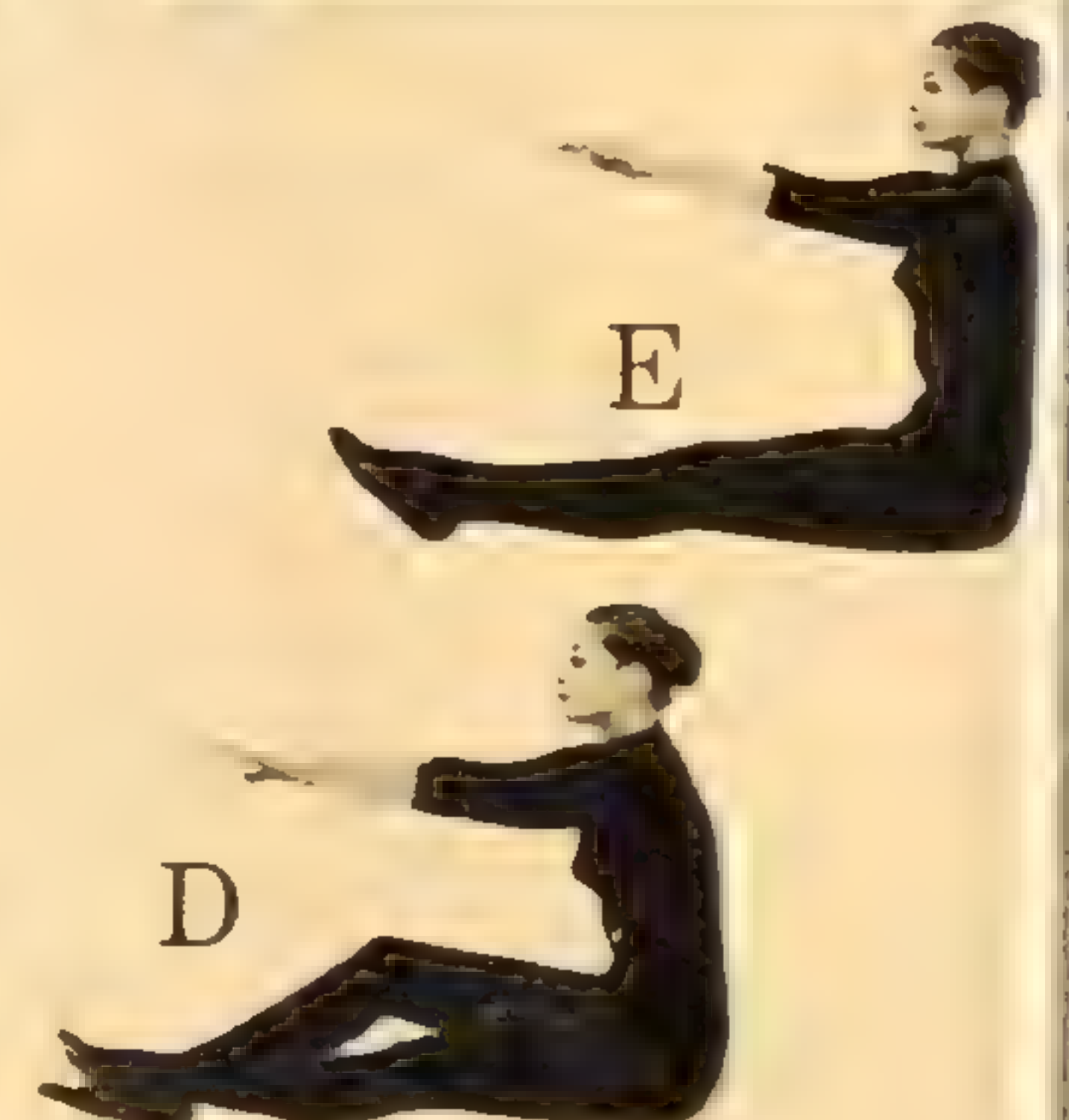
Sit on floor, knee on back straight, that side, digging heel into floor with arms extended forward at shoulder level (A). (C). Repeat on other side with other leg, (D). Alternate to a count of 4, doing ten times.



*for a
lovely
bust line*



*for
shapely
hips*



Stand with feet together, shoulders back. Bend elbows and raise arms to shoulder height. Interlock fingers or clasp hands in front of you at eye level. Pull or tug away strongly but keep hands firmly clasped (A). Relax (B). Pull should be felt in arms, shoulders and chest muscles. Repeat pull-and-relax to count of "one-two."



*for a
slim waist and
flat tummy*

4

Sit on floor, legs
and feet together,
back straight,
toes pointed. Raise

arms high (A). Bend
halfway forward (B),
reaching toward feet.

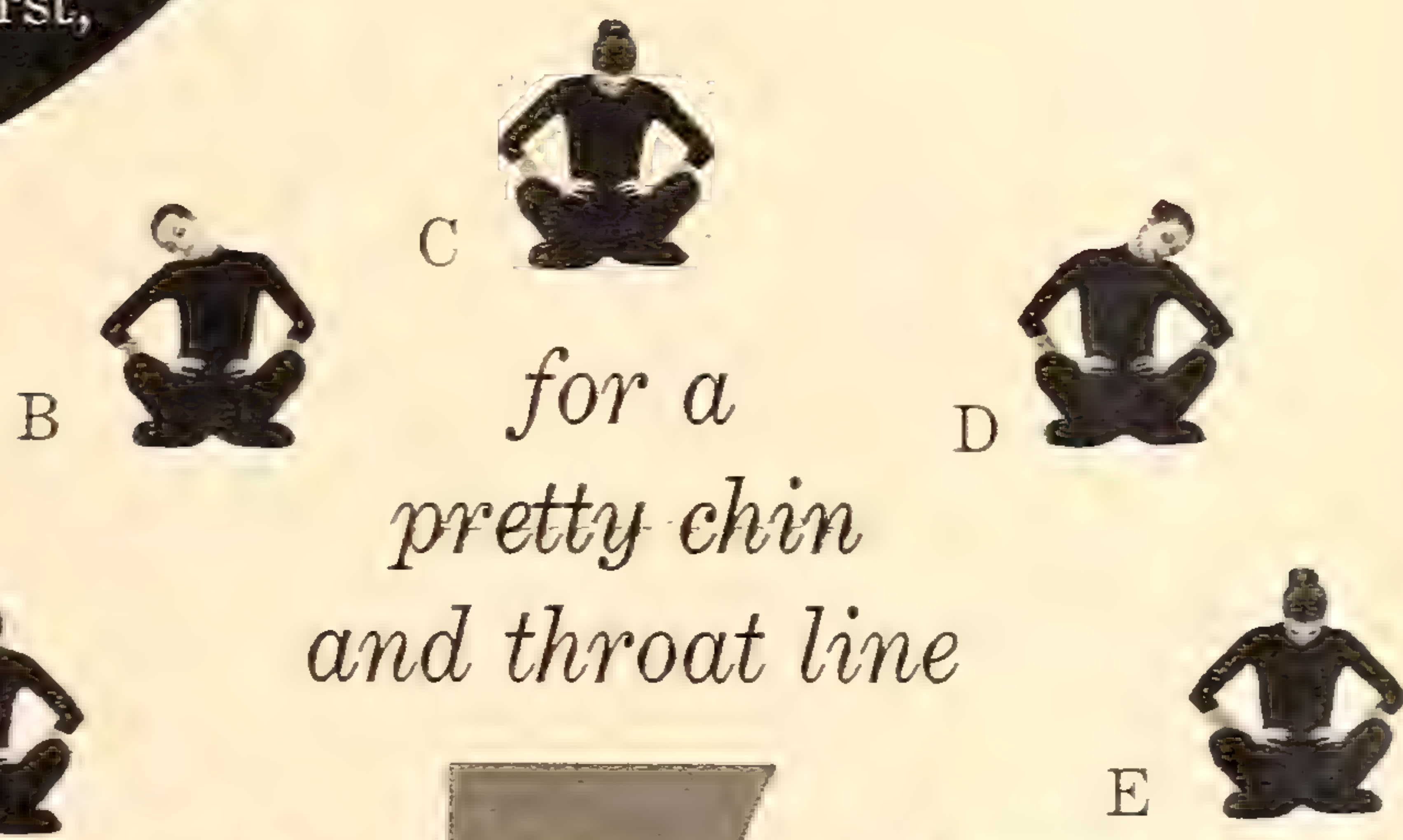
With the knees, Do five times first,
legs held more later.

straight, toes still
pointed, touch
insteps (C). Re-

turn to half-way po-
sition (D), pausing,
then back to start (E).

Repeat to count of 4.

These and more helpful exercises,
all set to your favorite music,
are recorded in Modern Screen's
Hollywood Method album,
released by RCA Camden Records
(\$1.98 Monaural, \$2.98 Stereo).
Instruction booklet, complete
with step-by-step pictures,
for 12 slim 'n trim exercises,
is included with the album.
Plus feature: a Modern Screen
Hollywood Method complete
calorie counter, purse size,
to clip and save.



*for a
pretty chin
and throat line*

5

Sit cross-legged
on floor with
hands on hips. Re-
lax. Drop head for-
ward for starting po-
sition (A). Roll head

to side toward right
shoulder (B). Then, slowly

drop head for-
ward again
(C). Roll head
to side toward left
shoulder (D). And
back to start (E). Re-

peat to count of 4. Do
slowly, evenly,
five times.



Why Liz Is Taking the Children Away

(Continued from page 36)

Eddie got up and stood beside her and looked, too.

"What do you see?" Liz asked.

"New York—Park Avenue," Eddie said. "Your favorite city—your favorite street. . . . And mine," he added.

"But is this the right kind of place for the children?" Liz asked.

Before Eddie had a chance to answer, she went on:

"Eddie, why kid ourselves—it's *not* right for them. . . . It's not right, first, that they should be cooped up in a hotel suite most of the time. That when they go out—for a walk up the street, just to get some fresh air and some color in their cheeks—they have to go with a nurse and not with us, or else they may get mobbed. . . . That's not right, is it?"

Eddie shook his head. "No," he said.

"And it's not right," Liz went on, "that they live in a place where there's no chance for them to make any friends. . . . Who, Eddie, *who* was their best friend these past few months here?"

"Jimmy?" Eddie asked.

"Yes, Jimmy—the bellhop," Liz said. "And what did they do last week when he told them he was quitting, that he'd gotten a better job at the Waldorf. They cried their eyes out for two days, didn't they?"

Eddie nodded.

"And Nature, or the natural life that children love and need, or 'The Outdoor Bit,' whatever it's called," Liz said, "—trees, grass, flowers, grounds to play on, sunshine that doesn't necessarily come through a twelfth-floor window pane. . . . they don't get any of that here, do they, Eddie?"

"Huh-uh," Eddie said.

"They certainly do not," Liz said. "And besides"—she bit her lip—"I didn't want to tell you this, I didn't want you to worry. . . . But yesterday, I was standing here, at this window, just looking down. . . . And I saw the children, the three of them coming back from a walk with the Nurse. They were crossing there"—she pointed down to the wide avenue—"and they were halfway across when this taxi came zooming towards them. As if it were out of control. . . . And for a second. . . . And for a second—"

She stopped.

A great idea

"Honey," Eddie said, after a moment, putting his arm around her, "I just had a great idea. . . . What do you say we leave this town and move ourselves up to the country?"

Liz looked up at him.

She smiled first.

And then, she began to laugh.

"Eddie," she said, "a place of our own, in the country—do you know how nice that's going to be? A house, some land, trees, fresh air, a babbling brook—"

"A what?" Eddie asked.

"I've got a mad thing for babbling brooks, all of a sudden," Liz said, "—and that's the one thing I want for *me*. . . . All right?"

"Sure," Eddie said. Then he took Liz' hand and led her from the dining room to the breakfast room next door, where the children—Mike Jr., seven; Christopher, six; and Liza, nearly three—were finishing their morning meal.

"Kids—" he called out, "big announcement time!" He told them of his and Liz' decision to look for a place in the country, asked if the idea was okay with them (they okayed it enthusiastically), and then he

said, "Now, as long as this is Saturday morning and we've got nothing planned, what do you say we all hop into the car, drive up to Connecticut and have a look around?"

"Before we go, though," he added, "one thing more—Since we're all going to have to live in this place we choose, I want to make it clear that the choice has to be by unanimous vote."

He pointed to himself: "I've got to like it," he said.

He pointed to Liz: "Mom has to like it."

To Mike: "You."

To Chris: "You."

And to Liza: "And you—we've *all* got to like it."

"How about Matilda?" little Liza asked, pointing to a pet monkey who'd just toddled into the room. "Does she have to like it, too?"

Eddie bent and hugged the girl. "As long as *you're* there, sweetheart, and as long as we keep buying Matilda bananas, she'll like it, don't worry about that," he said.

The others laughed.

"Okay," said Eddie, looking down at his watch, "I'd better call an agent. . . . Then, half an hour, and we're off!"

He started to leave the room.

He was, in fact, just about out when he turned, once more, to Liz, and asked:

"Babbling brook?"

She winked.

"Or I won't vote yes," she said. . . .

Estates and mansions

The agent Eddie had phoned was only too delighted to serve the Fishers, when he realized just who the Fishers were. "Elizabeth Taylor and Edwin Fisher, yes, of course," he said, as he got into the car with them, the dollar signs fairly popping onto his forehead. "And such an adorable little brood of children," he said, glancing towards the back seat. "And a monkey, too," he added, forcing his already forced smile, "—how de-lightful. . . .!"

"Now this magnificent estate," he was saying, a little while later, as he showed them all around the first place on his list, "this is a buy I doubt you will be able to resist. It is, in fact, one of the great Connecticut showcases. . . . The house—or mansion, as I liked to call it—contains twenty-three rooms, all of them huge, as you can see. You are surrounded by 350 acres of choice land. There is a private lake, a swimming pool, a riding ring—the children will treasure that, eh? And then there are 135,000 spring trees, deer and sheep sheds. And the recent addition of a mink ranch—with mink, of course."

"Of course," said Liz.

"And how much is this buy?" asked Eddie.

"Ahem," said the agent, clearing his throat. He checked his list. "Exactly \$590,000," he said.

"Wow," said Mike Jr., who happened to be standing close by at this point. "That sure sounds like a lot of money to me. . . . And besides, it wouldn't get my vote anyway, even if it were a whole lot cheaper."

"Why not?" Liz asked.

"It's too big," the boy said. "A person could get lost in here, Mom, and it'd take a couple of days to find him, at least, I figure."

"Yeah," said Chris, seconding his brother's motion. "Besides, it's too flat outside. And, long as we're going to move, I want some hills for my bike."

"And," said little Liza, piping up, "me and Matilda don't like it, neither."

"Why not?" asked the agent this time. "I dunno," Liza said, "we just don't like it."

The agent looked from the girl, to her monkey, astounded; then up at Liz and Eddie.

"I guess," said Liz, "that this isn't it—right, Eddie?"

"Right," said Eddie.

"Ahem," said the agent, "so I can see. . . . Well," he said then, forcing back his smile again, "we have other places, lots of others, to show. The Cranshaw estate—naturally; the swimming pool with the lucite cover cost \$250,000 alone. The Gruenther estate—one hundred acres, a twenty-one room main house, several ten-room guest houses, two tennis courts, a seven-car garage—only \$625,000. The LaSalle estate—ah, the LaSalle estate, with a marvel, a true marvel, a half-acre hothouse, patterned after an actual patch of tropicana in the Hervy Islands, with copra growing, real coconut trees, citrus, orchids—surely the monkey, at least, will appreciate that—with mangoes and guava, papaya and passion fruit—" And on and on he went.

And on and on they all went for the remainder of that morning and part of the afternoon, looking at estate after estate, marvel after marvel, the agent always stating he hoped, ahem, that *this* place was *the* place, his hopes always dashed immediately by the three children who voted everything down moments after he'd finished making his high-class pitch.

The country man

And on and on this might well still be going, weeks later, were it not for the caretaker at one of the last places on the agent's list that Saturday afternoon—very old man, "a country man," as he described himself, "who gets into the act when he's not wanted sometimes, but who can't help trying to help people who need it when he can. . . ."

"Now," he said, getting into the act much to the agent's annoyance, "it looks to me like what you folks are seeking is more intimate place than this here cavern—A place where you can enjoy yourselves, where the kids here 'specially can have a good time."

"Well," he said, "bout two mile from here is just that place. Smallish. But lovely as you can imagine, with character, an history, and a whole spirit about it that says 'Hello, folks, how are you. . . . It sure is nice to see you!'"

"What," asked the agent, "is the name of this estate?"

"Ain't an estate, Mister," said the old timer, "and ain't got no name. . . . It's just a house I'm talking about."

"And do you represent the owner in this transaction?" the agent asked then, beginning to fume.

"Sure," said the oldtimer, "anybody around here wants to show it, does. . . . And gets a flat five percent on the sale if he makes it, too."

He turned back to Liz and Eddie.

"Like I was saying," he went on, "it's got a spirit about it, this house. And it's got good solid land around it. And there's room for one and all to have fun, inside and out, smallish as it is. And come the summer there's this brook down the property apiece—"

"A brook?" interrupted Liz.

"Nothing wrong with having a brook on your property, is there?" asked the old timer.

"No," Liz said. "I was just wondering—I mean, does it babble, this brook?"

"Of course it does," said the oldtimer. "Who ever heard of a brook that don't babble?"

He shook his head.

"Now," he said, "I ain't got all day



Sheer Lanolin

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Tired of the same old lipstick? Yearning for some mad, glad, glamorous color to come along and sweep you away? Cutex has sixteen of them. Sixteen luscious, lilting shades, each one more irresistible than the last. And the very newest is a pulsating pink called "Sugar Plum," shown above. Try "Sugar Plum." Better still, try all sixteen... in your choice of two delightful Cutex textures, lush-'n-lasting Sheer Lanolin or light, creamy new Delicate.



New Delicate

stand around here and talk to you people, nice as you seem to be. So if you want to see the house, let's go. If not, it's been a pleasure meeting you . . . Well?"

Liz nodded. "I'd like to see it," she said. "So would I," said Eddie.

They looked over at the agent. "You don't mind, do you, sir?" Eddie asked.

The agent swallowed hard. "Not at all, Mr. Fisher," he said. "Ahem—as long as there'll be time for me to show you a few other properties I have on my list afterwards."

"Time," said the oldtimer. "*To everything there is a season, Mister, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.* That's from *Ecclesiastes*. Means there's plenty of time for you to try to make your commission, for me to try to make mine."

"One-line Bible quoters," the agent muttered, loud enough for everyone to hear.

Ignoring him, the oldtimer clapped his hands.

"Now come on, kids, and you too, monkey," he said, looking down at the little group that had gathered around him these past few minutes. "It'll be too crowded if we all pile into that Caddy there. What I suggest is the big folks follow in the Caddy. And"—pointing to his car, a relic, almost as old as he—"me and the kids and the monkey take my old gal over there and lead."

"So come on, let's go, before I talk myself blue in the face. *Because he that hath knowledge spareth his words.*"

He faced the agent once more.

"One-line Bible quoter, indeed," he said, as Liz and Eddie tried hard to hold in their laughter. . . .

A house that says, "Howdy"

The children hadn't seemed impressed with the house. Or else why would they have barely looked at it before running off somewhere to play?

And the agent—he'd even refused to step foot inside the place once he'd seen it, preferring to remain on the porch, "until," as he'd said, "you are ready to rejoin me on our tour of our State's more livable domiciles."

And, to tell the truth, even Liz and Eddie were sorry they'd said they'd look at the house at first because, well, because it was, now that they saw it, a very plain old house that might have been very lovely in its day . . . a couple of hundred years ago . . . but that certainly had little to recommend it now.

In fact, it was only the oldtimer who seemed to be impressed with the whole thing; who, as he proudly showed the Fishers around, seemed to become nearly transported by something wonderful that neither Liz nor Eddie, much as they tried,

could somehow really put their finger on.

"Just look," he said at one point, as the three of them entered a first-floor room which, he pointed out to them, was the kitchen. "Have you ever seen anything more homey? . . . Naturally, it's a bit old-fashioned. And those brown walls don't help any. And, anyone who moves in is going to have to spend a few dollars to get rid of that old ice-box there and change that sink and make some replacements. But I mean, folks, have you ever seen a room in your life that said, 'I'm a real kitchen, folks'—like this one does?"

"No," Liz and Eddie both had to admit, "we haven't."

"And," said the oldtimer, showing them the living room, "sure there's a few cracks in the walls here—but plaster 'em up and paint 'em over and they won't bother you no more. And *that* done with, can you imagine what this room could be like—the beauty of it, the honest-to-goodness beauty of it?"

"No," both admitted again.

For the next half hour or so, the oldtimer continued showing them through the house . . . carefully, slowly . . . not missing a thing . . . showing them the upstairs, the downstairs, the cellar, the attic . . . apologizing at times for some of the obvious imperfections, but assuring them that with a few changes those imperfections could be easily corrected.

"Well," he said, when the grand tour was over, "—how do you like it?"

Neither Eddie nor Liz answered. They'd been whispering between themselves all during the tour—wondering just how they were going to tell this good old man that they couldn't possibly take the place.

When the old man smiled, suddenly, and said, "I know, it fairly takes your breath away, the whole thing—don't it?"

"And—" he started to say.

But he stopped, as the front door opened and as the children—Mike Jr. and Chris and Liz, with Matilda—came running into the room.

"Mommy . . . Eddie—we just voted yes," shouted Mike, excitedly. "This is the place we want to take."

"You what?" Eddie asked.

"Mike, children," Liz said, "you haven't even *seen* the house yet."

"That doesn't matter, Mommy," Mike said.

"No," agreed Chris.

"No," said Liz.

"You see," Mike explained, "when we were playing before, the three of us and Matilda, we saw a house next door, through the trees. So we decided to go have a look at it. We thought it might be haunted or something—like this one looked . . . And guess what?"

"It was?" asked Eddie, grinning at them.

"Nooooo," said Mike. "There were people living there. Real live people. A mommy, and a daddy—and a whole bunch of kids."

"Three boys," said Chris.

"And a girl," said Liz.

"That's right," Mike said. "And do you know what?"

"I can guess," Liz said, sighing. "You all started to play together."

"That's right," the children said.

"And you had lots of fun," said Liz.

"That's right."

"And," said Eddie now, "it felt good having other kids to play with."

"That's right."

"And—you told them we might buy this house here, next door, and that if we did, then you could be their friends and play with them lots and lots more times."

"Oh no," said Mike Jr., shaking his head. "We told them"—he looked down suddenly and said the rest softly—"that we already did buy it . . . and that we're going to move in."

Chris and little Liz looked down now, too.

"That's—right," Chris said. "That's what we told them."

"Because," said Liz, "they liked us—and Matilda—so much."

Liz and Eddie turned and faced one another.

"Oy," said Eddie.

"Double oy," said Liz.

"It's really a nice place, like I told you," the oldtimer said at this point. "All you need's a couple of coats of paint and a little fixin' here and there—"

Liz and Eddie said nothing, not for a long, long while.

No one did, in fact.

Not until Mike Jr., obviously sorry for what had happened, walked over to his mother and Eddie and started to say, "If you want us to change our votes—we'll understand. Honest, we will."

Liz looked up from her son, and back over at Eddie. "How about it?" she asked. "I'm getting to like it"—she gulped—"little by little."

"I am, too," said Eddie, slowly.

"Sold!" shouted the oldtimer, suddenly.

"S-sold?" asked Liz and Eddie, stuttering in perfect unison.

But their question, their stuttering, were drowned out by the happy shouts and laughter of the children.

And so—laughing themselves, finally—did Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher realize that they had just bought themselves a house in the country. **END**

Eddie and Elizabeth both appear in BUTTERFIELD 8, for MGM. Liz is also in CLEOPATRA for 20th Century-Fox.

The Story of Trish

(Continued from page 42)

the night. When he discovered that Patricia wasn't in bed he got up and found her lying on the living room floor, curled up in pain. "It's false labor. It will go away. Don't bother the doctor at this hour, please. . . ."

Richard sat down to keep her company, and took out the book on pregnancy they kept handy. Opening to a certain chapter, his eyes on the book, he asked her casually: "Do you have a pain now?"

"Yes."

A few minutes later.

"And one now?"

"Yes."

Richard jumped up.

"Holy smoke, that's not false labor. You're about to have your baby, darling. That's what the book says here."

"That's ridiculous, darling," said Patricia weakly. "It can't be. . . ."

By this time Richard was on the phone talking to Dr. Aaberg.

Happy hearts and empty arms

The doctor ordered Richard to take her to St. John's in Santa Monica immediately. He bundled her up in the brand new mink coat he had given her for Christmas only the day before. Driving to the hospital, he tried to whistle to prove how calmly he was taking the whole thing. The whistle stuck in his throat. Patricia put her hand on his. "Don't worry, darling. I'll be all right. You'll see. They'll send me right home. It just can't be. Not for two months. . . ."

She was rushed into the labor room im-

mediately. An unutterably lonely feeling overwhelmed her as she lay there waiting for the ordeal of bringing her baby into the world. Suddenly, she felt a hand—a large, firm hand—reach for hers. Richard's. She looked up at him foggily and smiled. "I'm with you, honey," he said, his own voice slightly shaky. "I'll be right here."

Expectant fathers are not ordinarily permitted in the labor room. Richard had asked Dr. Aaberg to be allowed in. The doctor hesitated, but only for a moment. "Okay, Rich. I can tell when a man can be sent into the labor room. Go on in."

If Patricia needed Richard beside her as she faced the moment of giving birth, she needed him even more after the baby was born.

A beautiful baby girl with black hair and exquisite doll-like features, but she was a premature baby, and like most "preemies," her tiny life wavered. She

was taken from Patricia and placed into the incubator immediately.

There was, at first, the great anxiety shared by Richard and Patricia as to whether their baby would survive. After the first night, baby Patricia Marie was given a good chance. There remained the added anguish for Patricia of lying in bed in the hospital and hearing the happy noises in the corridor when the other babies were brought by the nurses to their mothers, while her own baby remained in the incubator. Patricia's arms felt intolerably empty and her body hungered for the feeling of her baby pressed close to her.

Richard was with her as much as the hospital would allow. The card on the three dozen long-stemmed roses he'd sent Patricia brought tears to her eyes: *To my darling wife—a game little girl. And to that game little girl of ours. I love you both.* He'd look in on the baby through the glass window of the incubator and rush back to Patricia's room to give her reassuring accounts of the baby's progress.

"She's gained weight, I swear it. She's a knockout," he told her, and Patricia's face began to brighten. "She even recognized me. She absolutely did. Looked smack into my eyes and winked straight at me."

The house seemed strangely quiet when Patricia came home from the hospital. The baby had to remain in the hospital nursery until she had gained the proper weight.

"It's funny," Richard remarked the first morning Patricia was home, "we've lived here for a year and a half, and suddenly it seems so empty without the baby."

Mornings he would hang around the gay yellow bassinette, peering forlornly inside. "Can't wait till that little doll's in this," he'd say.

It was on a morning that they were planning to sleep late that the phone rang. They'd stayed up late the night before at a party. Richard had insisted that Patricia go to the party. It had been three weeks since the baby was born, and Patricia had been moping around the house. Richard himself found it hard at times to pretend he wasn't worried. At the party they'd deliberately been the last to leave in order to forestall facing the emptiness in their own hearts.

Sunday special

Richard was groggy when he answered the phone that early Sunday morning. Suddenly he sprang to life. "You mean this morning . . . ?"

Patricia knew before he told her, what the call was about. Only one bit of news could have made Rich spring up so happily and exclaim, "It's a wonderful day today—a wonderful, wonderful day."

He strode into the hospital, his chest bigger, as he announced, "I've come to get my daughter."

Since they had both agreed they didn't—definitely didn't—want a nurse to take over the care of their baby, Patricia insisted upon sleeping in the same room with the baby. Rich found her making up the bed in the nursery.

"What's going on here?" he asked.

"I'll sleep here in the nursery with her so that you won't be disturbed in the middle of the night."

Rich looked hurt.

"The baby will sleep in *our* room with us," he announced. "I don't care if she keeps me up all night. I don't want to miss one minute of my baby. I've missed enough time. . . ."

In the middle of the night Pat woke to the soft chuckling sounds of the baby. By the dim light of the night lamp she saw

Richard sitting in the rocking chair, singing softly to the baby cupped gently in the cradle of his arms.

He not only takes pictures of Trish in every position, asleep, awake, on her tummy or on her back playing with her toes, he also has his tape recorder going something like twenty-four hours a day picking up every sound she makes.

He holds the baby in the crook of one arm and carries on the most amazing conversations with her.

"Now see here, young lady," he says seriously, "when you start seeing one young man in particular, I'd like you to let your old man in on it. I won't interfere, you understand, if it's the right thing, but I can't have a daughter of mine going with just any guy. . . ."

Trish looks up at him very soberly out of round blue eyes and emits knowing gurgles.

"She knows what I'm talking about, all right," he boasts to Patricia. "This little tootsie roll knows exactly what her old man is saying. She's a very intelligent baby. . . ."

He moves her bassinette into his dressing room as he shaves, and father and daughter continue their profound conversations, with Richard making big talk about the coming presidential election and the stock market, and Trish responding with delighted chortles.

Patricia Egan is a very happy woman. She looks at the baby held so securely in the crook of Richard's arm and says, "There's the other woman in my home. And it's pretty obvious why she arrived ahead of schedule: she just couldn't wait to be hugged and kissed by Richard Egan!"

END

Richard can now be seen in *A SUMMER PLACE*, Warner Bros.

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SHAMPOO

Wonderful new way to wash your hair!

(Continued from page 31)

beloved "old R.J.," sounded so serious and "wealthy" I couldn't help but laugh.

"Well, get you, both of you," I chuckled. "When did this love of elegance crop up?"

"It really hasn't *cropped* up," Natalie smiled. "Both Bob and I love beautiful things, we always have—and we can afford them. This is our first home and nothing is going into it that we do not love and value."

"But I've always thought of you as so practical, Natalie," I pursued.

Up spoke R.J. "But who says valuable and beautiful things aren't practical? Look at today's market for paintings and objets d'art."

"All right, all right—I give up," I conceded. "From now on just tell me about the lovely things you are getting—you've sold me!"

"This room," went on Natalie, indicating the playroom where we were sitting, "is the only one completed. It's to be the only informal room in the house."

Certainly, sheer comfort and hospitality dominated this large room. The color scheme of the large chairs are beige, pale green and coral, each chair having its own ottoman. The fireplace has been resurfaced with travertine. "And there's always a fire crackling there—whether it's warm or not," said Natalie, the proud home-maker.

One whole wall is taken up by a built-in television, built-in radio and an elaborate hi-fi set. An opposite corner is occupied by a poker table and chairs. The complete effect is of color, comfort and hominess, including the enormous coral divans with multi-colored pillows.

Said Bob, "There's nothing in here we can't either lie on or put our feet on."

"Just remember that," laughed Natalie. "But please come now and let us show you the rest of the place and how it is going to be."

Visualize the rest of the house

We crossed the black and white marble entrance hall to a large high-ceilinged formal living room which was bare of furniture.

"But visualize this," said Natalie almost bursting her buttons with enthusiasm. "Deep white rugs will be placed over part of this black and white marble floor. The fireplace, too, will be black and white marble. The walls will be stark white and the furnishings of vivid lipstick red and dulled gold."

The words were literally tumbling out of Natalie as Bob stood by proudly seconding her happiness.

"One thing that should interest you particularly," went on the tiny Mrs. Wagner, "are the wrought iron gates which will be gold-leafed and open from the hall into this room. They were purchased from the San Simeon estate of Mr. William Randolph Hearst. Also, the really beautiful crystal chandelier which will center the living room. Bob and I treasure these things so much, coming from the estate of such a great man who loved beauty so much that his former home is now one of the art show places of the world."

What a tug at my heart it was to remember the magnificent San Simeon and the many happy hours and days I spent as the guest of my former boss, the great W.R. Hearst. I think Mr. Hearst would be pleased to know that even a few of the treasures he had searched the world for had come into the possession of these two young people who love them and value them so highly.

Adjoining the living room, I could see an open, walled-in section which had already begun to be planted with beautiful foliage and unusual blooms. I ventured, "Is that a *lanai*?"

Bob burst into laughter and squeezed my hand. "Well, it's the Grecian equivalent of a *lanai*, and that's good enough. It's actually an integral part of what will be an indoor-outdoor garden room. During the warm weather months—it will always be opened. For the cold weather there is an enormous glass door closing it off but not shutting it out. In addition to the planting we have two Greek statues with orchids blooming at the base which go there."

In spite of my promise to be good, I just couldn't help gasping: "But all this must be costing a *fortune*!"

Natalie and Bob slipped their arms around each other and turned beaming faces on me. "Not a cent more than our business manager, Morgan Maree, has okayed," they chorused practically in unison. "He must think what we are doing is okay because he won't usually give a nickel where a nickel isn't due. Not even for our allowances."

Natalie started back toward the playroom. "There's no need to take you on a tour of the second floor—not enough to show you. But our room is going to be in all shades of red from the most brilliant to the palest pink. And our bed is a masterpiece—it's eight feet wide and the backboard is a 15th Century hand-carved gold frame, another treasure from the estate of San Simeon."

The bedroom, in fact the entire back of the house, overlooks the only salt water swimming pool in all Hollywood!

Natalie, the hostess

Once more seated in the comfortable chairs of their "one room" ready-to-use, Bob stretched his legs out toward the fire as Natalie gave a gesture to bring in hors d'oeuvres and the makings for cocktails.

Taking the platter of appetizers from the maid, she served me and Bob, herself, after taking a good first look that they were prepared as she wanted them.

I couldn't help but be impressed by what a good and thoughtful young hostess Natalie is. It was a new angle to her personality and I'll admit I liked her new dignity and pride.

She must have caught my thought for she said suddenly, "I hope you don't think Bob and I have been bragging. Far from it. Bob, of course, has always had a very nice home when he was growing up and living with his parents. But having all these beautiful, exquisite possessions is all so new to me. I'm so appreciative of everything—I hope it doesn't sound like boastfulness."

"It doesn't," I quickly assured my big-brown-eyed young friend.

She went on, "As you know, after we were married we first lived in Bob's bachelor apartment, later in my small apartment, and then on our boat—and having this wonderful, wonderful place just seems like a dream come true to us."

"You wouldn't be human if it didn't," I assured both of them. "Imagine being young and so in love and having so much which you've built together. It's been a charmed marriage, hasn't it?"

"It's been wonderful from the moment I slipped that wedding ring on Nat's finger," Bob said seriously; "But it isn't true that we haven't had some rough spots. Not between us, you understand—but during our first year of marriage Nat was having serious career trouble."

He referred to the year Natalie was on suspension at Warner Bros. and she could not accept any outside pictures.

Bob went on, "It's a curious thing and I doubt if many people realize it—but at that same time when Natalie was out of work, I was working. Then there was a period when I had a long wait between pictures. There were moments when we were worried."

"But instead of our career troubles making a wedge between us—they brought us closer together."

Natalie interrupted, "I can't imagine being married to anyone who hasn't the same interests. I never accept a script without having Bob read it and he has never agreed to do a picture without getting my advice. We both make suggestions and while we don't always agree—each listens attentively to the other."

This Garden of Eden

"Don't you ever have any good old fashioned quarrels?" I laughed. There must be some disturbing element in this luxurious Garden of Eden.

"Seriously, not many," Bob answered. "If you want to know the truth we're always too busy to let personal differences disrupt our lives."

Natalie seemed on the verge of saying something but Bob reached out his hand, patting hers. "I just want to say this: I

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believe that the woman is the most important facet in married life. She sets the pattern. She makes the home and the social life. And in our particular case, she is a full business partner.

"I'm a lucky man to have a wife who is so beautiful and who has a wonderful disposition as well. You can't be around Natalie for any length of time and feel discouraged or blue. Whether she is actively conscious of it or not, she has a great philosophy of life. She believes that anything that happens to you is enriching—and that goes for the bad spots as well as the good ones. Add to this her sense of humor and, well—you have a mighty fine girl."

A world of affection

It had been, for Bob, a long "speech." He looked a bit sheepish because Natalie and I had been listening to him so intently. But I knew Natalie was deeply touched. She was absolutely glowing. But what she did was typical.

She threw a pillow at him and said, "Oh, old R.J. How you go on." But what a world of affection there was in that gesture and that remark!

It was such a nice sentimental moment that I was really being facetious when I said, "And does all this 'togetherness' go for when you are working together on a picture?" The young Wagners had just

Completed their first co-starring stint in *The Fine Young Cannibals* at MGM. "Yup!" they both laughed, a la Gary Cooper.

What about your boat? Are you still at-crazy?" I wanted to know.

The Wagners had practically existed on Bob's boat before and right after their marriage. But they said they had sold the boat.

Natalie said, "We still love the water and boats. But we couldn't have both the boat and the house. And the house means so much more."

Bob laughed, "But we're playing it smart. We have good friends who have boats! We're usually available for their week-end invitations."

Among their waterfront pals are Claire Trevor and her agent husband Milton S. Eisenhower who have a lovely home on popular Long Island. The Wagner boat used to be moored next to the Bren boat and through their mutual love of the water the couples became good friends.

"Claire's an excellent artist, too," Natalie told me. "She recently completed an oil of Bob that is really very good. We're hanging it right there," she said, pointing to the place over the fireplace.

Bob said, "Well, go on. As long as we're putting our hair down to Louella tell her what else we have acquired in the line of paintings."

Like a small girl listing off her most prized Christmas or birthday presents, Natalie obliged. "Bob just surprised me with an original Vlaminck—a really beautiful thing, I'm so proud of it."

And then, we enjoy the new young artists. There is Walter Keane, a new artist Nat likes very much. We went on buying spree and bought several paintings of his. Both he and his wife are artists. I prefer the wife's work, Natalie prefers Walter's paintings of children—so we settled this difference of opinion by buying several of each!"

Said Natalie archly, "Good investments for the future, you understand?"

I understood. I also understood that these two, "old R.J." and his Nat are two very happy people in this frequently unhappy town.

I slipped my arms around Natalie's slender shoulder as they walked to the door with me. She's such a little thing.

"How much do you weigh?" I asked Mrs. Wagner.

"Ninety-four pounds, five-feet-two and eyes of—brown!" she chuckled, paraphrasing the old song. And Bob was about to join her in a slight duet when there was the loudest sound of barking I ever heard outside a kennel. Apparently, other "members" of the Wagner family had heard their masters' voices raised in song and decided to join in.

Sure enough, as Bob opened the door, in a flash, jumped and skidded a tiny toy poodle and a big Labrador retriever, both jumping all over Natalie and R.J. in sheer delight.

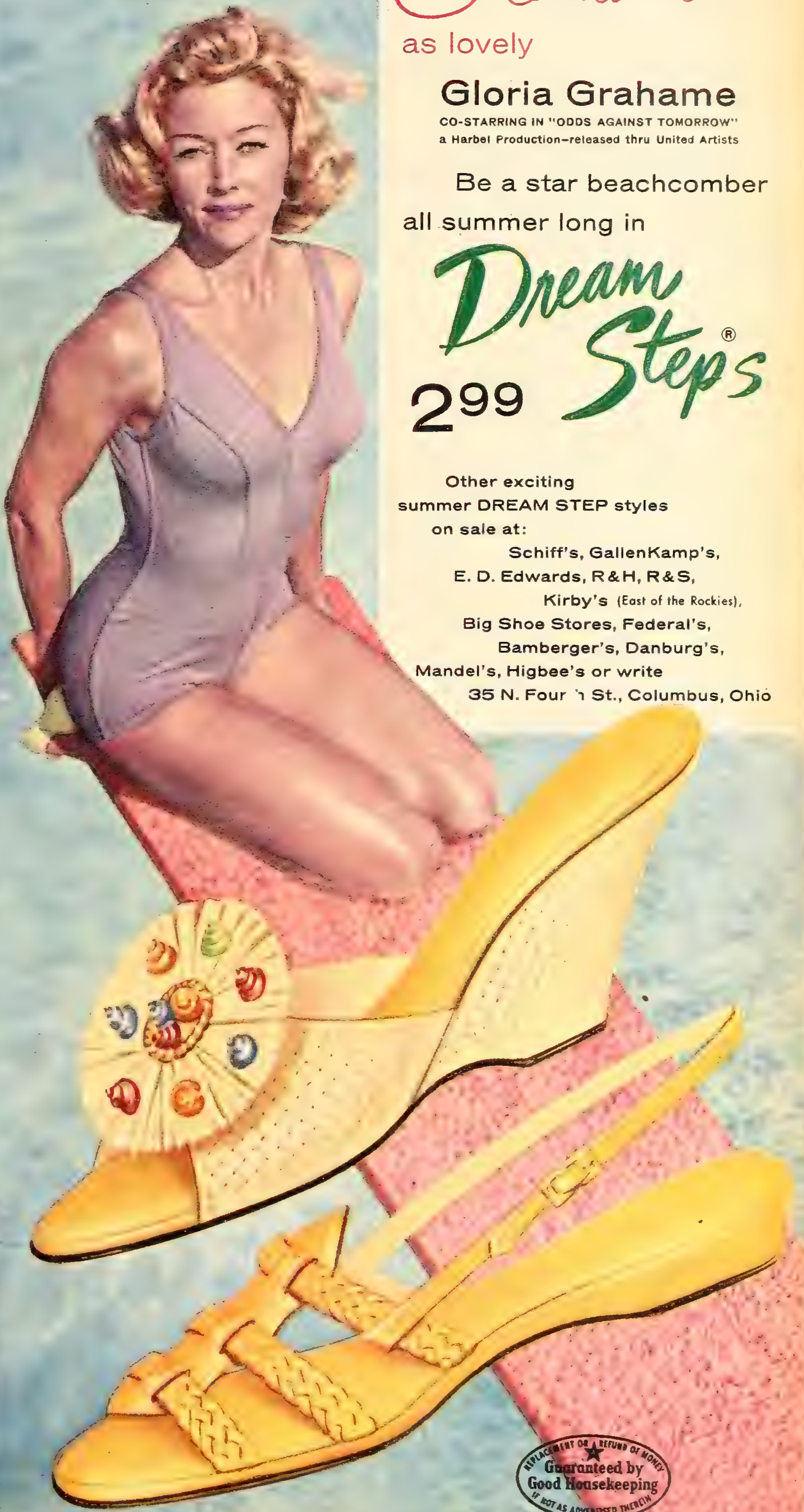
Above the yelps and din, I heard Bob say that Bing Crosby had given them the retriever. I didn't get much of a chance to really view either pooch, including Mr. Crosby's gift, as dog-like, the animals were now making a race track of the entire lower floor chasing each other, then running back to leap toward Bob or Natalie.

My parting shot was, "Is this house ever going to be so elegant that these dogs can't come in?"

"Never!" said Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wagner who, you can be sure, are going to have a home as well as a mansion to live in.

END

Nat and Bob star in ALL THE FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS, for MGM.



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The Sinatra Women

(Continued from page 27)

began to smile. "—Like I said," he went on, "who's the first witness then?" He looked straight at Tommy as he said that. "A father-in-law to be, if that's what I'm going to be, he's got to ask some questions first before he makes up his mind, doesn't he?"

"Sure," Tommy whispered, a very hoarse whisper.

"Okay," said Frank. He paused. Then he asked: "Do you love my little girl here?"

"Oh yes sir . . . Frank . . . Mr. Sinatra," Tommy said, sitting forward on the couch, reaching for Nancy Jr.'s hand. "I love her. I sure do love her."

Frank stared at the boy.

"How much?" he asked.

"With all the love that's in me," Tommy said. "Practically ever since the first time we met, I—"

Frank brought up his hand. "Whoaaaa," he said, "and tell me about that; the first time you met, Mr. Sands. The story, if you please."

That first meeting

"Well . . ." said Tommy, clutching at Nancy Jr.'s hand, ". . . I was singing at the Cocoonut Grove and a gang of young people came by one night and I went over to their table to say hi. Nancy here was one of them. I don't remember exactly any more if we said more than five words to each other then, at that time.

"But," he said, "I do remember that when I went back to the bandstand to do my next song, I couldn't take my eyes off Nancy. And she couldn't seem to take them off me . . . At least, that's what I imagined."

"You were right, Tommy," Nancy said. "I couldn't."

"Well," Tommy went on, "well, as soon as I finished singing, the group Nancy was with got up and left. And I didn't see her again for a long while—not until Thanksgiving time.

"Then, around that time, I met a pal of mine, fellow named Buddy, who'd been with the group that night back at the Grove. I happened to mention Nancy to him. 'Seems like a nice girl,' I said.

"Buddy said, 'You been thinking about her all this time, from that one night you said hello?'

"I said yes.

"And he laughed and said, 'Well, don't waste your time, pal. She's going steady.'

"I've got to admit this made me a little sore—the way he laughed. And so I said, 'Who's wasting time? I only said she seemed like a nice girl. I didn't say I wanted to marry her.'

"'Okay, okay,' Buddy said, 'take it easy—I just wanted to clue you in, to make sure you knew the score.'

"Well, about a month passed after that. The worst month of my life, I guess. I don't know how to describe it exactly, except that I was lonely. I felt empty inside me, like there was something important. I know now it was love. But even then I wasn't sure. . . ."

He looked over at Frank again.

"Go ahead," Frank said.

"And then, one day, who do I run into again but this fellow Buddy, who says, 'Say—did you hear about Nancy Sinatra? She's not going steady anymore.'

"That simple.

"She—is—not—going—steady—any more.

"And the rest of the day it was like a new song in my head, the lyrics spinning over and over again in my brain.

"You know how it is with some lyrics, how they keep spinning up there?"

Frank pursed his lips, and said nothing.

"Well," Tommy said, reaching into his pocket for a handkerchief now, wiping some of the perspiration from his forehead, "I called Nancy later that night and I asked her for a date. And she said, 'Tommy, I'd love it'—just like that; no airs, but simple and nice and sweet, like she really meant it.

"We had a great time that night, Nancy and I," he said then. "And I began to think to myself . . . Here I am dancing with a girl I barely know, talking away, yakking away, like I've done so many other times in my life—but this time I think I'm falling in love. . . ."

"Well," he went on, "what happened after that happened quickly.

"Two days later I got a note from Nancy. It was an invitation to a party she was having the coming Saturday. At the bottom of the invitation she wrote a P.S., telling me how much she'd enjoyed our last Saturday night together.

"I called her to say thanks. And we talked for two hours. My mother moaned about my tying up the telephone, but I couldn't help it. We talked and talked, and by the end of our talk we'd made a movie date for Friday. And then that next night, Saturday, was the party . . . And that's when it all really happened."

"What happened?" asked Frank.

" . . . After the party ended," Tommy said, "I stayed to help Nancy clean up. We were in the kitchen. I'd never kissed her before this, on either of our two dates. But now I did. I took her in my arms and kissed her—because I couldn't wait to kiss her anymore. And then I asked her if she'd be my steady. And she whispered yes.

The secret

"We decided to keep our going steady quiet. We didn't want the newspaper columnists to get hold of this and make a big thing of it. We just wanted to be alone together, without the whole world looking in at us. So we went together for a couple of months, dating three or four times a week, going to movies, having dinners in small restaurants, taking long drives.

"In February, towards the end of the month, I flew to New York to do a TV show. A few days later Nancy flew out to get ready to do some work for you, welcome Elvis back from Germany, and greet him on behalf of your TV show. Well, we were together there for a couple of days. But then I had to return to the Coast before Elvis arrived, so we really didn't have too much time together.

"And it was back in California when it began to hit me, how much I missed being separated from Nancy, how I couldn't stand being separated from her.

"After two days of this I phoned her, at the hotel where she was staying.

"I told her, 'Nancy, I miss you . . . I miss you so much!'

"'And I miss you, Tommy,' she said.

"There were goosebumps all over me, just from hearing her voice.

"'Nancy,' I said, 'maybe you'll think I'm fresh, maybe you'll think I'm crazy, but Nancy, I love you . . . And I want to marry you.'

"She didn't say anything. I waited, holding the receiver. But there was nothing at the other end—"

"I asked, 'Nancy, are you all right?'

"And after a pause she said, 'Yes, Tommy, I'm all right. I'm just so happy that I'm crying . . . Yes,' she said then, 'yes, Tommy, I'll marry you. I love you, too. And I want very much to marry you.'"

"Very, very much, I said," Nancy cut in here. "Very very much."

To make everything complete

Tommy looked back at Frank now.

"To finish up," he said, "—the next day I went and bought a ring. And when she came home to California, after her meeting with Elvis, I gave her the ring as she got off the plane. Then we went to see Mom here"—he indicated Nancy Sr. again, "and ask for her permission. She said yes . . . And now, to make everything complete, I'm asking your permission. To marry your daughter."

The room was very silent, suddenly.

"Do you think I might have any objections?" Frank asked.

"You might," said Tommy.

"Like?"

"Religion, for one thing," Tommy said. "Nancy's Catholic. I'm not . . . You might object to that."

"And?"

"And maybe"—Tommy swallowed something which seemed to catch in his throat—"maybe you don't want her to marry a singer. To be truthful, it's an up-and-down life and you might not want your daughter to go through those ups and downs, and the trouble that it can cause, sometimes, between married people."

Frank looked over at Nancy Sr., quickly, then back at Tommy.

"And?"

Tommy shrugged. "And," he said, "there's always a chance that you might not like me, that you might not think I'm the guy for your daughter."

Frank said nothing for a moment.

Then, he got up from his chair and, slowly, he walked to a window.

"You know," he said then, "about this religious thing—I'm no square. Why should I care?"

"About being a singer," he said then, ". . . well, salesmen and truckdrivers have their problems, too."

"One last thing," he said, "about me liking you, or not liking you—"

He stopped when he got to the couch. He put out his hand.

"I like you fine, Tommy," he said. "My decision is yes."

"Oh Daddy," Nancy Jr. shouted, joyously, jumping up and throwing her arms around Frank. "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy. Thank you. . . ."

And for those next few minutes as the others laughed—Frank and Tommy and Nancy Sr.—the girl continued hugging her father, thanking him, kissing him.

Until, finally, Frank said something about this being a time to celebrate, left the room, went into the kitchen and returned, a few minutes later, with a huge bottle of cold champagne and four glasses.

The courtship of Frankie and Nancy

For the next half hour or so, the four of them continued sitting around, drinking a little, talking, Nancy Jr. doing most of the talking, actually—telling Frank excitedly, happily, about her plans for the wedding, the exact kind of gown she wanted, the kind of reception, the friends and family she wanted to ask.

Until at one point she stopped, rather suddenly, and her voice a shade softer than it had been, she asked, "Mama, Daddy, what kind of wedding did you have?"

Frank laughed.

"Things were a little tougher for me in those days."

"But was it nice?" the girl asked. "I mean, do you remember what it was like, exactly, after all these years?"

Frank looked over at Nancy Sr.

"Sure . . . I remember," he said. "But women are supposed to remember these things better . . . You tell them, Nancy,

just how it was." He smiled hesitantly.

Nancy Sr. sighed.

"Well," she said, after a moment, "the date was February 4, 1939."

She paused.

"That was a Sunday," she said.

And she paused again.

"And it was a very cold day—I remember that," she said. "—The religious part of the wedding was in a church, of course. Our Lady of Sorrows, in Jersey City, where I used to live. And then, after the church, we went to my parents' house for the reception."

"On Arlington Avenue," Frank said. "Number 172 Arlington . . . Right? . . . A memory I've got?"

"Yes," Nancy said, nodding. She went on then: "And we had the reception. It was very simple. We had just the family, my brothers and sisters, my folks, daddy's folks. And for food, lots of pastries. And football sandwiches—those were ham and salami sandwiches wrapped in wax paper that the kids, the nephews and nieces, used to toss around; so they called them football sandwiches. And wine . . . And I guess that's all."

"And," Frank said, "I didn't sing."

"That's right," Nancy said. She smiled. "I think it was the first and last party your daddy went to that he didn't sing—he was so nervous."

Frank winked. "I should have though. . ." he said. "I knew I had a good deal. You were a typist, damn good, too, and I knew I had a gal who was going to go out and make at least twenty-five bucks a week and keep me in clover . . . Right?"

Nancy nodded, and sighed again.

"That's right," she said.

First baby, first dreams

"Man, man the money situation those days," Frank said. "Most of the time I didn't have two nickels to make a dime. And sometimes to pay the rent at that first place—"

He looked up from his glass and over at Nancy again.

"You remember that first place?" he asked.

"Audobon Avenue?" Nancy said.

"The Audobon Arms, Number 12 Audobon Avenue, Apartment 37—three rooms, forty-two bucks a month," he said. "I remember."

He looked over at Tommy.

"That's where Nancy Sandra was born," he said, "your bride, our first baby . . . Number 12 Audobon . . . It was right across the street from Audobon Park, this place. And I was just beginning as a singer then. Lots of time away. Lots of night work and rehearsals. But, man, came the afternoon and I'd be home and I'd pick her up from her crib, my baby, and put her in her carriage and out I'd go, wheeling her through the park for an hour, to show her off to the neighbors, to show her all the squirrels and the birds and the trees . . . Real nature bug I was then. . ."

He faced his daughter.

"You remember, baby?" he asked.

"No, Daddy, not really," she said.

"You remember?" he asked, facing Nancy Sr.

"Yes," she said, softly.

His glass empty, Frank re-filled it now, drank some more of the champagne, and said: "Number 12 . . . We had our good times there . . . Dreams were born right there, right at Number 12. . ."

"I was nothing then. . ."

"And we used to dream what I might be. . ."

"We dreamed hard. . ."

"And they came true, the dreams . . . didn't they?"

"Yes," Nancy said, again

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"And then what happened?" Frank asked.

Nancy said nothing now.

"So then," Frank went on, "what happened? Everything continued going fine. We had another baby, a son. And then another daughter. And we moved to California, and we got a house . . . Where was that house, Nancy?"

"Toluca Lake," she said.

"Yeah," said Frank, "that's right. A big house. Big. With a yard that ran right down to the water. And we had our own landing and our own boat. And every Sunday was picnic day—lunch on the grass, a ride in the boat, the whole family, you and me and the kids."

"And you remember the kids then? . . . Boy, they were small . . . And Sundays, before the picnic, Nancy Sandra here all dressed up on her way to church, in those white gloves?"

"White gloves," he said, turning to his daughter. "I was always buying you white gloves. Two and three pairs a week. And how you loved to wear them. How—"

He stopped as he watched his daughter get up, suddenly, from the couch and lower her head.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing, Daddy," Nancy Jr. said.

"So why are you crying, honey?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, Daddy," she said. "I don't know why."

She took Tommy's hand, and he rose, too.

"I had the best once"

Frank put down his glass.

"Where you going?" he asked, as he watched them walk to the door.

"Where—"

But they were gone, suddenly.

And Frank shook his head. And looked

over, once more, at Nancy Sr., who'd remained in her chair all this while. And he said, after a while, "I didn't mean for anything like this to happen . . . I wanted this to be nice for her. Happy and nice."

"I know," Nancy said.

Frank's head fell against the back of his chair, and he mumbled something.

"Are you all right?" Nancy asked.

"Sure," Frank said, his voice flat.

"You look tired all of a sudden," said Nancy.

"Maybe I am, a little," Frank said.

Again, he mumbled something.

"You've been working hard, Frank," Nancy said, "—on this picture here in Vegas, on everything."

"That's what happens when a guy decides to ride a merry-go-round," Frank said. "He can never stop . . . You should know that, Nancy; *you* should remember. It never stops. You get twenty-four hours and somehow you have to make a day of them. Sometimes it's strictly from bedlam. Sometimes I don't even remember what day it is . . . You tell yourself when you're young that you've got to be nine feet tall, and not a shrimp—and you never lose that feeling."

For a long while after that, he said nothing—he just sat there, looking up. And as he did, Nancy could see his face turn paler, could hear his breathing growing heavier, and heavier.

"You're *sure* you're all right?" she asked again.

"Yep," said Frank.

He took another deep breath.

And then he looked down, and across the room, at her.

"And how about you?" he asked. "How's everything been going? We see each other quite a bit, sure. But it's funny, isn't it, how we never really talk about those times? How about you, Nancy?" 61

"I'm fine," she said, in a quiet voice. "Happy?" Frank asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Have they been tough, too tough, these past ten years?" Frank asked.

"At the beginning, they were tough," Nancy said. "But you learn to live with your life, the way it's got to be, after a while . . . And then it gets less and less tough."

"You going to get married again?" Frank asked. "You've been going out for quite a while now, to parties and things. I know he's a nice guy, from people who know him. I know he's proposed to you. That he wants to marry you. But that you keep saying no . . . Isn't that right?"

"That's right," Nancy said.

"Why, Nancy?" Frank asked.

"I've said it before," she said. "I guess I can say it again . . . I had the best once. I can't expect anything more in life than that. . . ."

"You know where to call"

She smiled, and tried to change the subject.

"I hear, Frank, that you've been going pretty steady recently . . . with the dancer . . . Juliet Prowse?"

"Yeah," he said.

"She seems lovely, Frank," Nancy said. "I saw her in *Can-Can*. I've seen her on a couple of your shows. . . ."

"She's hip," Frank said. "And she's a good gal. She's one of the few who didn't come after me for what she could get."

"That's the way it should be," Nancy said.

"That ain't the way it often is," said

Frank, more than a little bit ruefully.

Again Nancy smiled.

"Tommy," she said, "—he's an awful nice boy, isn't he, Frank?"

Frank nodded.

"And our girl," Nancy said, "did you ever see her look prettier, more radiant, happier, than she was when she was sitting there, looking at him, while he was talking to you?"

"She looked beautiful," Frank said.

Nancy nodded.

She rose from her chair.

"Well," she said, "I'd better be going now."

Frank got up, too.

"We'll be here through Sunday, Frank," Nancy said, walking towards him, taking his hand in hers, gently. "Are we going to see you sometime? Tomorrow, maybe?"

"Tomorrow . . . sure," Frank said.

"Well," Nancy said again—she kissed him on the cheek now—"You know where we're staying . . . And if you're not feeling well tonight, and you need somebody to come take care of you—you know where to call."

She was gone a few moments later.

And Frank, alone now, completely alone in the big room, walked back to the chair on which he'd been sitting and he sat again.

"Ten years ago," he found himself asking, after a while, "what happened ten years ago?"

He found himself looking over at the couch to the left, to the spot where Tommy, his son in law-to-be, had sat a little while earlier.

"I had everything," he remembered the

boy saying before, during those awful nervous minutes for him, when he was asking for Nancy Jr.'s hand, "—except I'd get lonely. I felt empty inside me, like there was something important missing. I know now that it was love. . . ."

"I'd get lonely," Frank repeated the boy's words to himself now.

He nodded.

Lonely, he thought.

He laughed an empty laugh.

As he remembered his own loneliness now, these past long years.

And how he'd fought it.

With women—with woman after woman after woman after woman—so many, he couldn't list them for you right now, not for a thousand bucks.

Women.

All kinds of them.

Good women, bad women, happy women, miserable women, love-making women, fighting women—starting from A and going through Z, and Z finished with, starting with A, all over again. . . .

He slumped even further back in his chair.

He looked from the spot where Tommy had been sitting, with his daughter, Nancy Jr., and over to the chair where Nancy, the other Nancy, had sat.

He stared at the chair, for a very long time.

And he closed his eyes, wearily.

And he tried not to think, nor remember, any more.

END

Frank will star in OCEAN'S ELEVEN, Warner Bros.; and can be seen right now starring in 20th Century-Fox's CAN-CAN.

The Sal Mineo Story

(Continued from page 21)

Thirty years ago my eye wouldn't have had a chance. The doctors tell me I'd have been blinded the very first time I neglected the pain.

And now, all through these warm spring days, I sit in my dark room, waiting, hoping, praying this crisis will pass.

Occasionally I walk over to the window, and although I shouldn't, I peek through the slats in the Venetian blinds. My dark eyeglasses distort the color of the green buds unfurling in the outstretched branches of the apple tree, and, in the distance, the bright gold of the April sun silvers the Long Island Sound. And, within my heart, I thank God for the beauty He has given the world, the beauty we so often take for granted until suddenly we're shocked into consciously appreciating it.

This latest relapse of my eye trouble—the crisis I'm going through now—occurred a couple of months ago after I finished working on my movie, *The Gene Krupa Story*. Not only did I have to learn to play the drums the way Gene played them, but I sat for weeks and weeks with the writer and producer working out the 'little things' in the script. I'd be up at dawn, drive to the studio, act in front of the cameras all day, finish at seven or eight o'clock. I'd grab a quick bite to eat, go to rehearsal hall to rehearse the drum numbers, then, by ten o'clock I'd hurry to the projection room to catch the rushes of the day's shooting. I'd get home by one, only to wake up again at five. I never had a moment to stop and breathe. It was go, go, go all the time.

Guilty secret

They say a runner never feels tired while he's running. It's only when he

stops that he's out of breath. Or feels the keenness of pain in his heart from overstrain.

And suddenly when I finished filming *The Gene Krupa Story*, I was out of breath, on the verge of collapse. I woke up that first morning after the shooting was over, and there was that terrible and excruciating pain in my right eye. I closed my eye. I wasn't imagining it; it was there, a pain that felt as though hundreds of sharp-edged knifeblades were hacking at my eyeball.

For three days I didn't tell anyone about the pain. I was scared, petrified. I'd been warned about what could happen. By the end of the third day the pain became so torturous and unbearable I screamed in my sleep. And my mother knew my secret.

"Sal, Sal," she cried as she ran to my room, her eyes flooded with tears, "why haven't you told any of us? What's the matter with you? Do you want to destroy yourself?" Her voice was kind, loving, sympathetic, and I felt like a heel. But like a child I kept hoping against hope the pain would pass, that it was only momentary.

Deep down within my heart I knew better. I knew the pain was worse than it had ever been, and the doctors had warned me twice before. Mom didn't lose any time. First thing in the morning, she had my brother, Mike, drive me to Dr. Hubert's office in the East Sixties in New York, and when I got there and Dr. Hubert looked at me, he shook his head impatiently.

"Sal," he said, raising his voice, "you'll never learn, will you. When I operated on this eye, what did I tell you? That if you didn't look after it, you'd be in real trouble, that you were playing with fire as far as this eye was concerned. What's the matter with you? Can't you understand plain English?"

He was right. He had warned me. But that had been part of my trouble all my

life; the fact that danger fascinates me. When I went to Mexico one summer, for instance, I took a chance and didn't get all the inoculations (I hate needles going into my arms!) Once I rode a wild horse and it was one of the greatest moments of my life: the challenge of whether or not the horse would throw me. It did, and for weeks I suffered with a broken knee cap that wouldn't heal. But the broken knee cap was worth the thrill of excitement.

"Sal," Dr. Hubert continued, after he had examined my eye, "this is it. Your last warning. Your eye muscles are so weak it's a miracle you can see out of your right eye. If the pressure isn't eased, we'll have to operate again to alleviate it. But, Sal, stop and take inventory of yourself. What in the world's bothering you? Something's eating at your insides for you to have such a terrible pressure crippling your eye."

I didn't say anything. What was bothering me? Everything. And nothing. The desire to do right by my work, the desire to keep growing as an actor. You know an actor's only as good as his last movie. And although I had thousands of fans, I was strangely lonely.

"You must go into seclusion for a month. At least! If there's no improvement, there's the danger of complete atrophy which will. . . ." He stopped, pursed his thin lips together. "Let's say this: that if the eye improves we stand a chance of saving it."

"My own enemy"

His words didn't sound real to me. They sounded far away like an echo, as if someone was calling from another world. I probably didn't want to believe what he was saying, and when I left his office and walked out into the sunlight I wore a black leather patch over my right eye and my dark glasses. Dr. Hubert told me I'd have to confine myself to dark rooms for the next month. He didn't want the other eye strained.

And for a month now I've been wearing my patch and waiting for hours to pass in my dark room at our new home in Mamaroneck. I keep thinking how strange destiny is. Here I am, with a new home, and unable to enjoy it. I wonder if perhaps God isn't punishing me, sentencing me to this confinement to prove to me how precious life is, that it mustn't be taken for granted.

And as I sit in this dark room, day after day, unable to read, listening to music on my hi-fi set, I realize how much I've been my own enemy. Seven years ago, when I was fourteen and understudying the Crown Prince in the Broadway musical, *The King and I*, I was constantly on the go, trying to get TV roles, studying acting, going to school. I'd get up at the crack of dawn, study my lines for television, go to school, rush home for supper, take the subway to the theater, finish the performance by eleven-thirty and get home by one in the morning.

Call it ambition, call it drive, call it what you like. One week end I remember there was an elevator strike, and on Saturday morning I decided I'd still make the rounds of the producers' offices and casting cubicles, in spite of the elevators not working. So I climbed up and down flights and flights of stairs to ask producers, casting directors, secretaries to place my photo in their files.

That was around the time the first pain began. It started that spring, and I tried to ignore it, to pretend it wasn't there, but by midsummer it was too sharp to neglect. Whenever I walked out into the steaming hot sun, it was as if my eye was on fire, and I felt feverish and dizzy.

Finally I told my mom and dad. We were living at Wenner Place in the Bronx then, near the Whitestone Bridge. Mom was fit to be tied. She couldn't understand why I hadn't said something about my eye before.

Mom and Dad made an appointment for me with Dr. Miller, who's died since, and it was Dr. Miller who performed the first operation on my eye.

"Never, in all my years of practice," Dr. Miller said, "have I known a young boy to be afflicted with this dendritic condition. Usually it occurs in the early forties or fifties. It's a . . . a warning. . . !" He paused. "Had you let this go another week, young man, you might have lost your vision altogether!" He rushed me over to the Manhattan Eye and Ear hospital, and that following morning he performed the operation.

He explained he couldn't give me an anesthetic because he had to see the eye react. The operation lasted forever, and the pain was devastating, but the pressure was relieved.

"Don't kill yourself"

For three weeks I lay in that bed with a bandage over my eyes. You'd think that I would have had time to think, to re-evaluate, but I was young and flip and probably in love with the drama of it all. But living in darkness for three weeks seemed like an eternity. Voices took on new colors, sounds became so personal and important. At the end of the three weeks, the doctor came into my room one morning to remove the bandages and I could sense his nervousness as he unwrapped the bandage from my eyes. His hands were steady, but there was an unevenness to his breath. When he lifted the bandage, I blinked and for a minute closed my eyes.

"Sal," Dr. Miller announced, "the operation's a success. You've blinked against the light." I opened my eyes. He was right. I had blinked my eyes against the sudden harsh whiteness of the hospital room.

"Sal," Dr. Miller continued, a firmness in his deep voice, "I know you have a

lot of ambition and that you have a long way to go in this business. But remember Rome wasn't built in a day. If you ask me, you're trying to build it in an hour. Relax. Take things easy. Don't kill yourself. You're young—enjoy the world!"

For the next three years everything was all right. I heeded Dr. Miller's good advice. I tried to take things easy.

Then I came home one summer after making my movie, *Dino*, a film I loved and believed in. I decided to tour for six weeks to promote it. On tour I didn't sleep and eat regularly. When I returned to New York, my head was throbbing from the pressure, throbbing so hard it nearly burst. The pain was worse than ever.

I told my folks. Mom tried to set up an appointment with Dr. Miller but he had died. So I went to Dr. Hubert who didn't spare any words.

"Your eye is damaged," he told me, staring at me from behind his rimless spectacles. "I can't operate for months. It's too dangerous. It's like a deep wound that needs healing before I can possibly attempt to touch it."

"Mineo," he called me, before he got to know me, "I'm afraid of complications so I want you to have a complete check-up."

I went to a physician who examined everything from my heart to my reflexes. And do you know what he said? "You're so calm on the outside, but you're churning inside at a wild pace. You don't have to function at a 100-mile-an-hour speed in order to get the most out of life. Why are you killing yourself?"

For two months Dr. Hubert and the physician confined me to our house. I couldn't watch television, read, use my eye in any way that would strain it. I listened to music for hours on end, and my love for it grew and grew.

Then, I had my second operation.

For weeks afterward I spent hours and hours in my dark room, listening to my records—jazz, swing, Dixieland. I wished I could have punched a punching bag to get rid of the tension, but Dr. Hubert insisted on total rest so I learned to release the tension inside me by listening to the music, letting its powerful drive carry me away.

"Man enough to face it"

For four months my eye was bandaged, and I wore dark glasses all through that time. At one point, I got so depressed I found myself actually wishing God would strike me dead and that my life would be over because I hated being a burden to everyone. But that was sinful. My mom and dad had Masses said for me at church as did thousands of my fans. I received get-well cards from all parts of the world, also holy crosses and mezuzahs from people everywhere who cared.

Gradually my eye improved, and the pain relaxed, and Dr. Hubert told me everything was all right for the time being. But he warned me strongly against overworking. His final words to me then, as I left his office, were, "Sal, don't let this happen again. The next time may be. . ."

He never finished the sentence.

But, fool that I am, I flirted with fire again. I got caught up in the momentum of my work on *The Gene Krupa Story*, and now, for the third—and Dr. Hubert tells me, the last—time my eye is in danger. Dr. Hubert says the eye won't be able to take it the next time; it's given me a final warning, the last chance to know better.

God has given me my last warning. I must be man enough to face it. Or lose the vision in my right eye for the rest of my life.

END

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One Little Girl Against the World

(Continued from page 50)

ordinarily meets with her charge. This was because of Cheryl's extreme situation. And also because a very warm relationship had grown up between Mrs. Muhlbach and Cheryl. Mrs. Muhlbach has two children of her own, and she grew to love Cheryl. Cheryl and Mrs. Muhlbach were more like mother and daughter than probation officer and charge.

"We wanted Cheryl to have as normal an environment as possible, hoping this would be the best thing for her. But with a child like this it's a gamble," the County probation officer sighed.

"Before the school session began at Beverly High last September," he went on, "Mrs. Muhlbach went to the school and spoke to the principal, the dean of girls and several faculty members to pave the way for Cheryl, who would be starting her Junior year there. There was not only the problem of Cheryl's being accepted in school in spite of the notoriety connected with her, but also the question of Cheryl's ability to do well in school. She'd been in and out of so many schools in the past that even without the notoriety it still would have been a problem. She's not the best student.

"Cheryl attended Beverly High and tried to be one of the crowd. The students tried to accept her as one of them. But things happened that were beyond control. Cheryl became nervous and withdrawn. She didn't mingle freely. She felt self-conscious, even though most of the kids there tried to treat her like everyone else. Things were happening inside this girl to make her feel different. She shivered and shook. The more she was with the other girls at school, the more she realized how different she was. Even though she was treated like one of them, she was always afraid of what might come up. This kept her in a state of tension and nerves, which was destroying her.

"She lived in a constant state of fear and apprehension. She wondered what the students at Beverly *really* thought of her.

"And she lived, always, in constant fear of having the newspapers suddenly print her story again. About every two or three months a rash of publicity would come out about her, re-hashing the old episode. The sorry mess in her life was always being dug up and splashed in the papers. She was terribly frightened. Even though the case was over and she had been completely exonerated, she wasn't allowed to forget it."

Here's what the kids thought of her:

One Sunday Cheryl woke and discovered that the Sunday supplement of the papers had made a big story of the *Cheryl Crane Case* all over again, as part of a series they were doing on sensational murders. When Cheryl saw it, she became sick. Her immediate reaction was that of shame—and fear. She said to her grandmother, whimpering, "I can't go to school tomorrow. I just can't. All the kids in school have read this. How can I face them? Yet I can't stay away from school. They won't let me. I'll have to go back some day. What shall I do?"

She slumped on the bed and sobbed. The poor child was trapped. The grandmother didn't know how to handle it. Neither did Lana, when she was called.

As she did so often when she was confused and frightened, Cheryl turned to Jeanette Muhlbach. Mrs. Muhlbach came over—knowing how desperately Cheryl needed her—and held Cheryl's hand in 64 hers, talking to her for a long time, trying

to comfort the weeping girl. Strengthened by this session, Cheryl decided that she would go to school the next day and face it.

Mrs. Muhlbach was so proud of her. She said, "I loved her all the more for arriving at that decision. I said to myself, 'You're worth saving.' She had to fight the world all by herself. That's the tragedy of her life right now—fighting the world."

Back in school the next day, Cheryl tried to hide from the other girls. She was even quieter than usual. When any girl approached her, she ran, fearing the criticism or taunts she was sure would come from the girl. She ducked a group of girls at lunch. As she passed hurriedly along the broad green campus to her next class, a girl ran up to her and handed her a paper that was rolled up and covered with wax paper. "Here," said the girl. "This is from us. Take this and look at it when you have a chance." Then the girl ran away to her own class.

Cheryl stood there, her heart pounding, unable to move. Shame froze her. She didn't know whether to throw away the rolled paper or not. She dreaded looking at it. She remained this way like a frightened little animal for many moments. Finally, she slipped off to a quiet corner and opened it, her hands trembling.

When she finally managed to smooth the paper, she read what it said:

Dear Cheryl,

We girls at Beverly High want you to know that we read the Sunday paper. We also want you to know that this made no difference to us at all. We think you're a good sport and a fine girl. We like you very much. Forget that story in yesterday's paper. We're forgetting it, too.

Underneath it were the signatures of 360 girls at Beverly. . . .

The probation report continues

"Of course," says the probation officer, "this incident did a great deal to help Cheryl. But the fear and shame she experienced earlier was something that left another scar on her spirit. All of these experiences, accumulating, couldn't help but have a damaging effect on her. Every time she turned around, went anywhere, she was afraid somebody might be staring at her, whispering about her. Often they were. Every time she picked up a newspaper, she was afraid her case would be blazoned across the pages again. She could never get away from it. She felt trapped. She was a teen-age girl with the usual emotional stresses of a teen-ager. But with the additional problems of those fears, and the feeling that she was an outcast. We couldn't let her go off the deep end.

"We were watching her closely. We could see this happening. We couldn't continue to expose her to the unexpected blows of the outside world. This girl had to be protected, particularly during the crucial teen years when she was developing into a woman. In a sense, she had to be placed in a protective shell, to be shielded from the wear and tear of the outside world. Continued exposure might have ruined her beyond powers of rehabilitation.

"So we recommended that she be placed in the El Retiro School for Girls. She needed the guidance, the counseling and protection of El Retiro. Cheryl tried her best to adjust to the outside world. I'm afraid the outside world couldn't let

her. People can be cruel sometimes. . . ."

The first cruelties

Even though the kids at Beverly High tried hard to treat Cheryl like one of their own, things would crop up to hurt. At the beginning of the school year last September, when it was first learned that Cheryl would be attending the school, there were many jokes about it. The main one being: "I hear Cheryl is going to work in the school cafeteria—in charge of knives." Later, as the kids got to know her, this crack was never uttered again.

Also, although the girls at Beverly really liked her, she could never, ever really be one of them. She could never really live down that horrible "Thing." Like the girls in all high schools, there are cliques at Beverly. Cheryl was not excluded—but well, when the girls would make dates to spend the night at each other's homes, Cheryl was never one of those invited. You know how it is. The mothers didn't feel quite right about permitting a girl who'd done what she'd done to be in such close contact with their own daughters.

The kids at Beverly say Cheryl was quiet. Actually, she was withdrawn, and scared.

It would have taken a remarkable person to give Cheryl the guidance and home atmosphere she required. This was not the normal child. Mrs. Mildred Turner loved Cheryl, but the girl was beyond her. Mrs. Turner—as the probation officer said—"hadn't had an easy life herself." She is not young—fifty-nine—not experienced in raising a teen-age girl in normal circumstances. When her own daughter, Lana, was a teen-ager, it was Lana who ran Mama, not Mama who ran Lana. Lana was quite wild, was a movie star and breadwinner. Mrs. Turner is a mild little woman, unable to wield authority.

Also, she herself was frightened. She was afraid for Cheryl. She was always afraid that the child might get into trouble, without meaning to. This would be disastrous. The child is a ward of the court, on parole, and any misstep could lead her into deep waters again. Also, she realized that the girl, now developing into a tall, full-busted young woman with maturing desires, would have all the problems—and more—that go with teen dating. The child was extremely vulnerable. Some boys wanted to go out with her in order to get to Lana and have Lana get them into pictures. Maybe the girl would get into trouble with a boy. The girl wanted so much to love and be loved. She was so confused. Mrs. Turner didn't know what to do with her. And the grandmother was very lenient with her, felt sorry for her—the probation officer could see that she couldn't really control this girl.

As for Cheryl's parents—they gave her everything money could buy. Little else. They meant well, but neither Lana nor Steve Crane have the kind of sense of values a girl like this needs. Lana bought Cheryl a white mink stole, beautiful clothes—bulky Italian sweaters, bought dresses for her in quantities of a dozen at a time. Lana took her to previews and premieres, arranged dates for her with charming young movie actors, like George Hamilton, for instance. George is handsome, suave, a real charmer—but Cheryl was tongue-tied and felt inadequate with him. "I'm sure he doesn't like me," she thought miserably, but her mother and Fred May joined them later, and she tried so hard to pretend to her gorgeous, poised mother that George Hamilton was impressed with her. The kid was subjected to so many tensions, to so much she felt she couldn't live up to. Everything was piling up to make her feel more insecure. She often felt, in those social contacts that Lana arranged, that she was disappointing

her beautiful, gay, and charming mother. Her father, Steve Crane, handsome, suave, a former man-about-town now a successful restaurateur, loved her. But he was always busy—busy with his work, his social engagements, with his new girlfriend. Steve and his girlfriend, a gorgeous girl, had Cheryl join them for dinner at the Beverly Hills Luau (which Steve owns). Cheryl walked in, felt eyes on her. Sat next to Helen (the girlfriend) and wanted to shrink. Cheryl felt “so big and ugly” next to beautiful, graceful, smiling Helen whom her father obviously adored.

Steve Crane couldn't give his insecure, tormented daughter much comfort, but he tried to give her what he could buy. On her sixteenth birthday he gave her a car, a smart sports job.

Understanding from a car hop

The day after her sixteenth birthday party, Cheryl still felt that great insecurity and inadequacy. The party had been a knockout, at the Bel-Air Hotel, but had she lived up to it all? Her mother looked so beautiful—was she, Cheryl, clumsy?

Restless, she drove the car along Wilshire Boulevard, that evening. Dropped in at Dolores' Drive-In which is a hangout for teen-agers. Sitting in her new car, waiting for her order of hamburger and coke, she noticed a tall, blond boy working behind the fountain. And the boy looked at her as though he was admiring her. Cheryl felt a tingle inside her. The boy leaped over the counter and walked up to her. He was wearing the jaunty little white cap of the carhop, the white apron. He was long-legged and good-looking, and had a friendly grin. “Hi,” he said, “you look cute.” They chatted. Cheryl glowed. He seemed to like her for herself. They made a date. They went to a movie later.

The boy is Robert Martin Gunn, from Sandusky, Ohio. She liked Bob. As she grew to know him, she was thrilled at his attentions. She felt loved for herself. She felt beautiful and important. Bob gave her understanding. He's nineteen and seemed to talk her language. He was working at Dolores' Drive-In at night because he wanted to be an actor.

Bob worked late at the drive-in—till 1:00 a.m. To see him, their dates had to be late.

Cheryl liked Bob. She had him at her grandmother's house for dinner. Lana met him. However, in order to see him, the dates usually had to be late (after work). Much later hours than a sixteen-year-old girl should keep. Her grandmother told her she could no longer see him at 1:00 a.m.

One night, after Cheryl went to bed, after the grandmother had retired for the night, Cheryl slipped out of bed, got into her car and went to meet Bob at the drive-in. The grandmother got up and noticed Cheryl gone. She panicked. Called Lana.

This was a dangerous situation for a girl like Cheryl to be in. Any offense or misdeed by a person on probation is magnified. Here was this child on probation, a ward of the court, driving her own car in the wee hours of the morning. Anything could happen. An incident with the boy. Even a traffic violation at that hour for a teen-age girl on probation could be ruinous. Lana was at the house when Cheryl finally came home. The grandmother and Lana were almost hysterical. Together with Mrs. Muhlbach they realized the girl had to be protected from herself. What Cheryl was doing, we must assume, was being done in teen-age innocence or impulsiveness. But it could have dreadful consequences for her. She just had to be protected.

This, plus all the hurts and terrors she

was experiencing in everyday living, finally made all of those concerned with Cheryl's welfare realize that it was becoming increasingly dangerous for her to continue as she was.

El Retiro School seemed more and more the answer. . . .

A poem Cheryl wrote last November gives an insight into the heart of this brave, tormented girl. It shows the search she is making for something bigger than herself. *Introspection* won first prize in a literary contest run by the literary society at Beverly High, Quill and Scroll. MODERN SCREEN is proud to be the first (outside of the school paper) to publish it.

Introspection
by Chérie Crane

My Father
Long have I sought in many lands
That for which I long
And never, never found.

Long have I waited
In blindness,
In hate, fear and human frailty
In all that this outer shell which
covers me
Longs to possess.

But I,
Myself, underneath and deep
Have touched this long-sought thing,
Have reached out with the fingers
of my soul
And touched
Ever so lightly.
The sweetness of that moment
Has filled me ever since.

Oh, God,
It fills me to an overflowing. . . .
Of love.
The night-tide is dark—
All around me is quiet,
And I wait in the never pausing
solitude.

My Father
YOU ARE MY LONGING,
You live within me;
Only You share the house of my
inner-self,
And look out from the shell
within me,
As only I do.

Oh God,
Now when Your vastness
Fills the void in my heart,
It is enough.
Only look with me through the
windows,
Look through the mask
At the outer world
While all the time sensing
With the fingers of my soul
Such sweetness as I could share with
only You.

. . . Can the girl who wrote this be a “bad girl”?

Cheryl's new school

What is El Retiro like?
El Retiro School is in the San Fernando Valley, in the town of Sylmar, some thirty-five miles from Beverly Hills.

When Cheryl was first told she would be sent to El Retiro for Girls she was frightened. What is it like? How could she leave Beverly High? This home she knew? Bob? What was she going into? The poor kid was scared. It took long conversations with kindly Mrs. Muhlbach to calm her fears.

The morning she was to leave, Cheryl wanted to take all her lovely clothes. Clothes mean so much to a teen-age girl. And Lana and Steve had been generous. Cheryl had beautiful clothes. Lovely evening gowns, stunning Italian knits, racks

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and racks of smart sport blouses, rows of skirts, many of them imported wools, chic mad sport things from Jax in Beverly Hills.

Mrs. Muhlbach told the girl gently, "You won't need all these things. Take just a few—a very few simple things." It was explained to Cheryl that she could wear her own clothes at El Retiro—Cheryl was comforted to learn she would not have to wear a uniform. But the closets are small there, and shared. She wouldn't need her party dresses. Just one. No low-cut formals that she was so proud of. Not the beautiful strapless gown she'd gotten for her Sweet Sixteen party only a few months earlier.

Weariness engulfed Cheryl as she discovered she had to leave her beautiful things behind. She took a small suitcase and packed it with the things she would need—a pathetically small amount, a few cotton shirtmakers, some skirts and shirts. "May I take this?" It was a stuffed animal she'd slept with. Mrs. Muhlbach realized this girl who had been through so many sordid, worldly experiences, was still a little girl. She nodded. Cheryl took her stuffed animal.

It was decided that Mrs. Muhlbach would take Cheryl to El Retiro. Lana might break down. It would upset Cheryl too much to have an emotional sendoff.

Cheryl walked out of the house in Beverly Hills she'd lived in for the past two years with her grandmother, a very tall girl but looking, all of a sudden, like a frightened little child. She walked down the path slowly and stepped into the car, placing her little suitcase next to her, the stuffed animal on top of it. Mrs. Muhlbach sat next to her, at the wheel.

They started the drive—past Beverly High and its campus and its football field. Past Blum's, the ice cream parlor where the Beverly kids hang out, past Wil Wright's Ice Cream with its gay red-and-white striped awning . . . and then drove onto the Freeway, toward El Retiro. They sped along the Freeway to Ventura Boulevard in the Valley, past the stores and the traffic in the Valley's business district, past the low ranch homes in the Valley. Farther and farther out they drove, toward the hills, with the houses farther apart. Past Hanson Dam, where there is a playground, where Cheryl looked out and saw girls her age and their boy friends in boats on the small lake. It was country now, with lots of trees, green mountains rising on one side, the foothills of San

Fernando Valley in front of them. There is the small suburb of Sylmar. The air is always clear and crisp in Sylmar, so high above Los Angeles.

There is a twelve-foot concrete wall surrounding El Retiro, with a barbed wire running on top of that wall. A heavy, locked steel gate.

The little car stopped outside the gate. The probation officer announced her name. The steel doors opened. Cheryl, clutching her little suitcase, entered with the officer. And the heavy iron door closed behind her.

There is a peaceful atmosphere inside El Retiro, as though to give sanctuary and peace to the troubled young girls within. Tall oleander and olive trees abound on the grounds and give it a sleepy atmosphere; the grass dotted with the olives that have dropped from the trees.

Here are girls of all races and creeds. Some of the inmates have committed a misdeed against society, some girls may not necessarily have committed any offense but are here because they cannot adjust to outside life. They need psychiatric therapy and that extra guidance and care which they have been unable to get in their own homes. It is a State institution for handling girls who are wards of the court and are in need of a character building program in order to prepare them for successful living and adult responsibility. El Retiro is a *correctional* school. It is there for the purpose of rehabilitation, not punishment.

The girls are allowed freedom on the grounds, but the tall steel gate is always locked. And the girls are under constant supervision. Cheryl is the thirty-eighth girl there, and the girls range in age from thirteen to seventeen.

Also, there is much done in the way of psychiatric therapy which Cheryl, and the other girls, are exposed to as part of their rehabilitating treatment. They need to make the adjustment so that eventually they can live in the outside world again.

There are many long, low cottages on the grounds—the dormitories where the girls live. The dorms are named after famous women: Florence Nightingale Building, Susan B. Anthony, Jane Addams. At the beginning, Cheryl was placed in the Receiving cottage, in a room by herself. New girls live in a room by themselves for the first few weeks—to adjust. Later, she will share a room with another

girl in one of the long low dormitories.

Much is done to eliminate the "institution" look. The furniture is simple, the rooms plain, but the rooms are brightly painted and the girls hang up photos of their favorite rock and roll singers and idols. Covers of MODERN SCREEN are up on the wall. One girl has her parakeet in a cage next to her bed. Girls can keep their perfume bottles and make-up on shelves. Cheryl carefully laid out her expensive perfume bottles, those beautiful perfumes her mother and father had given her. The girls looked at them longingly, and Cheryl promised to give a bottle to one of the girls who had nothing.

Cheryl takes care of her own room, does her own laundry (except sheets), is learning how to iron, helps set the table, clear the table, helps with the dishes in the kitchen. The girls divide chores in the dining room.

Cheryl now goes to bed at 9:30, is up at 6:45. On Friday and Saturday nights, to bed at 10:30. Once every other month there is a dance at El Retiro. To this dance come boys who are carefully selected. Some of the boys are from families in the community. Some are carefully selected from the Youth Honor Farm, a correctional institution for boys. Dancing, punch—all supervised. To warm-blooded girls who no longer are able to join their crowd for school dances and parties at home, this is eagerly awaited.

During the first month or six weeks, Lana will not be able to visit Cheryl. Afterwards, she can visit her every week end. Months later, perhaps, Cheryl will be permitted to spend a week end at home, if Lana is not busy working in Europe.

Cheryl will undoubtedly take Lana around the grounds, show her the Recreation Room where she and the other girls watch TV at night, or sew clothes for themselves. There is a record player, and perhaps Lana, noticing how few records there are, will come some Sunday loaded with record albums for Cheryl and the other girls. Cheryl will show her mother her room and how she has dressed it up with photos on the wall, made it "hers."

Maybe some day Lana's lost girl will no longer be lost. Maybe this little girl who had tried so hard to hold her head up against the world, when she leaves El Retiro, will be—with God's help—a happy, secure young woman.

END

Lana will star in PORTRAIT IN BLACK, Universal-International.

The Love Drug

(Continued from page 45)

admired on the screen ("I'm bored with that word charm," he muttered) had to admit he didn't like himself. He was, he told himself harshly, "emotionally immature, painfully shy, egocentric and at fault for the failure of the three marriages."

Those marriages . . . what had he brought to them, what had he left of them, but a feeling of emptiness . . . Actress Virginia Cherrill, heiress Barbara Hutton, and his partner of the "perfect marriage," Betsy Drake. Lovely women, good women, blonde, blue-eyed beauties, well-bred, elegant ladies. Three marriages, fruitless matches. The years would go by, a procession of emptier and emptier years; he would get older. That's all. He'd never know the meaning of life, he'd never know the fulfillment of watching a child, his child, grow.

"All my life I've searched for peace of mind . . . Yoga, hypnosis, mysticism—nothing has given me what I needed . . . All my life I've been running away from what I wanted most . . . What do I want out of life . . . ? Beautiful women? Fantastic houses? No . . . Courage to live in the truth . . . before it is too late. Before it is too late."

He had been offered a chance, a last chance perhaps, and he would take that chance. No matter what the risk, he would take the plunge into the unknown. . .

What L.S.D. does

The experiment that Cary Grant turned to in desperation involves psychoanalysis with the aid of lysergic acid diethylamide (L.S.D.). Dr. Mortimer Hartman, the man who administered the treatment, described L.S.D. as a "psychic energizer which empties the subconscious and intensifies emotion and memory a hundred times."

Under the drug's influence, given in small doses only under the supervision of a doctor, patients find that memory blocks are broken down and past experiences

even away back in childhood, are vividly relived. This provides an emotional release and may hasten a new understanding of their problems. In large doses, it induces a dream-like state in which the patient has bizarre hallucinations, sees a dream world in brilliant colors, and feels disassociated from reality.

Since November, 1958, Cary has spent many hours in sessions with Doctor Hartman. The L.S.D. pills, and mood music and Hartman's promptings brought out fantastic self-discoveries.

"A lot of scientists on the West Coast are grateful to me and a few others who volunteered for the treatments," Cary said. "Some people may think us nutty, but the doctors don't."

Cary explains, "What L.S.D. does is release the mind to a fantastic degree. You have waking dreams, and sometimes weird and wonderful hallucinations. But, most important, it cuts down psychoanalysis to a very short period. For anyone like me, who has a deep-rooted desire for understanding and peace of mind, it's almost like a miracle

"I feel now that I really understand myself. I didn't ever before. And because I never understood myself, how could I have hoped to understand anyone else? That's why I say that, now, I can truly give a woman love for the first time in my life . . . because I can understand her."

The changes L.S.D. has brought about in Cary are remarkable and astounding. For one thing, he is willing to talk about it. Or any other topic. Before L.S.D., he always managed to turn off or change the conversation when it came too close to his personal life or feelings. "If I was a snob in the past," he says now, "I was looking down on my faults in other people. If I didn't like humanity, it was because I didn't like myself. For the first time in my life, I'm ready to let people in."

Disturbing discovery

One of the disturbing facts Cary discovered about himself was that he had always felt rejected by his mother, and consequently, "I've always shied from women who look like my mother." His mother, Mrs. Elias Leach, was a tall, black-haired beauty with olive skin, who lives alone now, in her 80's, in England, where Archibald Leach was born. Her son looks like her, and their personalities are similar. Mrs. Leach will admit today that she's proud of him, but snaps, "But then he should be proud of me, as I brought him into the world." She used to be a singer and mimic. When Archie was twelve, his mother was placed in a mental institution, suffering from a severe mental breakdown. She was just gone, disappeared, as far as the boy knew—no one told him the truth for a long, long time. He locked his misery inside himself, his father took off with another woman, and the boy left home.

The L.S.D. therapy has brought out at last all the tormented feelings of those lonely boyhood years that Cary Grant had kept welled up inside himself so long.

He says, "It was horrendous. I had to face things about myself which I never admitted, which I didn't know were there. Now I know that I hurt every woman I loved . . . I was hiding behind all kinds of defenses, hypocrisies and vanities. I had to get rid of them layer by layer . . . That moment when your conscious meets your subconscious is a wrench. You feel the whole top of your head is lifting off."

He adds, "I think I'm ready at last to have children. I'd like to have a whole brood chattering around the dining-room table. I think my relations with women will be different too. I used to love a woman with great passion, and we destroyed each other. Or I loved not at all, or in friendship. Now I'm ready to love on an equal level. If I can find a woman on whom I can exhaust all my thoughts, energies and emotions, and she loves me that way in return, we can live happily ever after . . . My attitude toward women is completely different. I do not intend to foul up any more lives. I could be a good husband now."

Now that Cary Grant realizes that he was deliberately avoiding women who looked at all like his mother, he no longer has to hide from them. Lately he is seeing a lot of Madlyn Rhue, a young actress with black hair, fair skin, enormous dark eyes with thick brows, a girl who comes from nothing like a society background.

Madlyn has had to fight for everything she wanted. Before she was born, her father had abandoned her mother, and her early childhood had its resultant deprivations. Her mother had to go to work to support Madlyn and an older sister, and Madlyn lived with a succession of uncles and aunts all over the country. Her mother loved her children, but at times it was physically impossible for the mother

to work and also keep house for them.

When she was fourteen she was in Los Angeles with her mother, who had just remarried. Madlyn was used to working—she knew she had to work for what she wanted.

She wanted very much to be an actress. Her mother wasn't for it, because she thought Madlyn would be hurt. However, when Madlyn earned her own money to finance a trip to New York, she consented.

In New York she was completely on her own, and developed a brand of courage that young girls on their own often do. She studied drama by day, danced at the Latin Quarter by night. Once, in taking a routine X-ray, she was told she had TB. She collapsed in her apartment that night and was 'out' for four days. She was finally discovered by Jim Downey, who owned the restaurant where she usually ate. He had become worried when he didn't see her. He sent her food, and Madlyn began to recover.

We are usually the product of our early circumstances. All these things could have destroyed Madlyn—or made her a strong, vital, cheerful and gutsy girl. She is the latter. She learned from her experience that the human spirit has great resiliency and that abounding faith and courage will see a person through black periods.

The reason this has significance is that this girl is a type different from any of the spoiled darlings Cary Grant has usually been attracted to.

In Hollywood Madlyn met Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, who were fond of her. Tony told her about *Operation Petticoat* and thought she would be good for the voluptuous young Army nurse who is Cary's *vis-a-vis*. Madlyn phoned her agent at three in the morning, awakening him, and told him that she wanted to have an interview for the role. "I will phone you every hour on the hour until you promise you'll get me the interview." She phoned him again at 4:00 a.m. Then at 5:00 a.m. At 6:00 a.m. her weary agent said, "Okay. I'll get you the interview."

She got a role in *Operation Petticoat*—not as leading lady to Cary, but as one of the five nurses. She went to Key West, Florida, on location, and he showed his interest in many little ways—like sending her a single rose. Or, on the set, saying suddenly to her, "Let's dance," and dancing while production waited. She says, "I love that man. Even if I marry another man, I will always love him."

When he takes her to the movies, it's to a drive-in in the Rolls-Royce, with champagne to sip while watching the movie.

Neither Madlyn nor Cary have actually said that there is a wedding in the offing. But he does say, "My next marriage will be complete. Or, if this one to Betsy (he and Betsy Drake are only separated, not divorced) persists, this will be a full, happy, utterly satisfying union. I just don't know yet. But I do not intend to foul up any more lives. I could be a good husband now. I am aware of my faults, and I am ready to accept responsibilities and exchange tolerances. Even if I stay alone, that will be all right, too."

The important thing now is that Cary Grant is ready for life, ready for love. As he says, "Every day now is wonderful. I wish I could live 400 years. I am convinced I will live to a healthy old age, but if I drop dead within the next ten years I will have enjoyed more living in the latter part of my life than most people ever know."

The daring experiment with the drug called L.S.D. has proved to be a success.

END

Cary stars in *THE GRASS IS GREENER*, Universal-International.

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Dare She Wear White?

(Continued from page 23)

We now present for you this strange and miraculous story . . .

It is a story that begins in the attic of a small house on a small Texas farm, back in 1945, when Debbie Reynolds—then Mary Frances Reynolds—was twelve years old.

She had been visiting her grandmother for the past two weeks. And now it was nearly time to leave. And her grandmother, who had promised her a very special present when she left, had taken her up to the attic to show her the present.

"What is it, Gram?" Debbie had asked, excitedly, all the way up the stairs. "What is it?"

"It's nothin' that'll overjoy you now, Mary Frances," the old woman said as they entered the room, flicking on the light, "—not a two-wheeler bike or a new catcher's mitt or whatever it is a tomboy your age craves. In fact, it's not even something I'm goin' to let you take away with you now. It's too precious to be trusted on one of those busses all the way to California, with all that dust and grease and everything. Come the time, though, and I'll send it to you by Santa Fe. That's the only way I'd trust that—"

"But what is it, Gram?" Debbie interrupted.

The old woman led her across the crowded room, to a box, a huge cardboard box which sat alone on the top of an ancient bureau, a somewhat tattered box, but shining-free from dust, as if, from time to time, it had been wiped clean—tenderly, lovingly, specially.

"Go ahead," the old woman said then, "take the lid off and have a look for yourself . . . Go ahead."

Debbie began to remove the top of the box.

"Phew!" she said, crinkling her nose, when the top was halfway off.

Her grandmother nodded. "That's just what the moths say when they git that close—phew!" she said. "Now come on, keep liftin' and take your look and then let's be off with you."

When the top was removed, finally, a few moments later, the old woman stepped back a bit and squinted her eyes and watched her granddaughter's expression.

She was pleased to see the girl smile as she looked inside the box.

She was pleased to see her reach and lift out the white dress that lay there.

She was pleased to see her stare at the dress for a little while and then to hear her say, "Gee, Gram, this is pretty."

"It's my weddin' dress," the old woman explained, simply. "The dress I wore when I got married, and that your own Ma wore when she did." She pointed back into the box. "And see," she said, "there's the veil that comes with it—and it's the veil and the dress I'd like for you to wear when you get married."

The smile disappeared from Debbie's face.

"But I'm not going to get married, Gram," she said.

"I know, I know," said the old woman. "I was twelve years old once myself, Mary Frances. And just like you, believe it or not—a little hellion of a gal who loved to play with boys but who thought to herself, 'Me, I'm never going to marry one of 'em!' . . . Well, child, someday you're goin' to be a young lady. And you're goin' to meet a fellow. And instead of rough-housin' together, you're goin' to find yourself wantin' to be together. And then you're goin' to find yourself wantin' to

marry together. And that's where this dress is goin' to come in. . . ."

She took the dress from Debbie and she held it herself now and looked down at it, as she continued talking.

"It was that way with me and your Grandpa, lots and lots of years ago, you know . . . We fell in love with each other. And we decided to get married. And first thing I thought of was, 'Well, I've got to have me a real nice dress the day I get married. Real nice.' And so, even though I didn't have much money to my name, I wrote to New York City and sent for this material—this lace and this satin and that veil stuff and those little hand-made lilies of the valley on the veil—and I didn't flinch a mite even when I saw the bill. For thirty-eight dollars it was; a lot of money in those days. But I just sat down and made my dress and came the weddin' and I wore it."

She paused for a moment. Then she looked back up at her granddaughter.

"You know, Mary Frances, truthful, at the time," she said, "I didn't know why I needed so special a dress—not really, I didn't know. I even thought to myself from time to time, as I was sittin' there sewin' it together, I thought, 'Miss, you sure are a vain and selfish young lady spendin' all this money on something you're only goin' to wear for one short day in your life.'"

"But later on, pass time, I began to realize why I'd really wanted it, my dress, my white long fancy dress on my weddin' day."

"And that reason was, pure and simple, that I got to realize that my weddin' day was the most important and beautiful day in my whole life . . . A day I was on my way to bein' a wife . . . And, eventually, a mother . . . And, then, a woman, a real, grown, bona-fide woman. . . ."

"And that for that one day that I was so special, it was right for me to want to go lookin' so special."

She winked.

"And child," she said, "there's practical reasons behind it all, too. Like the walk-in-down-the-aisle-of-the-church part, I remember that. And that fellow, your Grandpa, standin' there lookin' at me like I was something special. I remember that. And I think he remembered it, too, pass time. So that as we lived together and got into the little tiffs, sometimes the big tiffs, all married folk get into, I'm sure there were times he stopped a bit in his bickerin' and remembered me not as an agin' lady with hands red from hot water and field work and wrinkles formin' near my eyes and my body slowly gettin' different-shaped, but as that girl he saw that one day, that special day, all young and dressed up in her pretty white dress and—"

She stopped.

And cleared her throat.

"Am I talkin' too much, Mary Frances?" she asked.

Her granddaughter shook her head.

"Well," the old woman said, "I guess I am, really. But I'm near through now. And all I want to say before I finish is that I feel somewhere in my bones that this dress brought me and your Grandpa a lot of luck in our married life. And your Ma, she wore it, and it's brought her a good lot of years with your Daddy. And someday, Mary Frances, I want you to wear it, for luck in your marriage. And maybe if you ever have a daughter—"

She stopped again.

"Now I am talkin' too much, too far ahead, eh?" she said. "—Oh, what a terrible gabby old lady I'm gettin' to be."

She turned now, and placed the dress back into the box.

"There," she said, when the lid was on the box again. "Now let's go back downstairs so you can get ready to get your bus."

She began to walk towards the door.

"Are you comin', child?" she called out to her granddaughter, who hadn't moved from the spot where she'd been standing.

Debbie nodded.

"Yes, Gram," she said, "except I just want to say two things before I do come and go away—two things."

"What might they be?" the grandmother asked.

"First," said Debbie, "you're not a gabby old lady, like you said."

"I'm not?" the old woman asked, softly.

"No," said Debbie. "No . . . And second, I'm not saying I ever will—but if I ever do, find a fellow someday and get married to him, well, I just want you to know that I'll be honored to wear your dress at my wedding, Gram. Just like you did. And my Ma did."

"That's nice of you to tell me that," said the old woman. And then, reaching for a handkerchief, she said, "Now here. Take this and dry your eyes . . . Come on . . . Come on, child."

Suddenly, Debbie ran across the room and into her grandmother's arms.

"My, my," the old woman said, holding her close, trying to laugh, trying to push back her own tears. "What kind of hellion are you, anyway? Gettin' so mushed-up over an old weddin' dress? And cryin' like this—as if you were forgettin' you got good strong Texas blood in you. . . ."

The fate of the wedding dress

To this day, no one knows exactly how the fire started. Some people say there was a short circuit in the electricity, and that started it. Others will tell you that the Texas sun was so hot that summer of 1947 that it acted like a match to some of the old wooden farmhouses down in the southern part of the state and actually burned them up. At any rate, there was a fire. And it spread very quickly through the little house, burning to ashes everything as it went. Burning, up in the attic, amid everything else, a long white wedding dress, a dress that had been worn twice, and that would never be worn again.

Debbie Reynolds had forgotten about that dress by the time her own wedding day came around, some eight years later. It was, in fact, too hectic a wedding to think of anything but getting it done with. Debbie was an actress by this time, one of the brightest young stars in Hollywood, and she'd been going these past couple of years with Eddie Fisher, one of the most promising young singers in the country. They'd been engaged for a while now. Theirs had been one of the most up-and-down, on-again off-again engagements in show business history. So that, finally, when the wedding did take place, it was put together as quickly and frantically as a Saturday lunch for unexpected visitors.

The site for the wedding was a resort in the decidedly un-mountainous Catskill Mountains, about forty miles from New York. The atmosphere surrounding the entire affair can best be described as circus-like. Guests at the resort peeked through the windows of the makeshift chapel, some with autograph books in their hands, ready to corner the bride and groom on their way out. Photographers, refused admittance to the actual ceremony, drowned out the wedding march with their hollering. Reporters, pencils and

pads in hand, hovered over the couple to catch and describe their every word, and breath, even their beads of understandable perspiration.

The next day practically every one in the country read these reporters' stories of the celebrated wedding in their newspapers.

And only one woman, a very old woman, squinting at her newspaper as she sat on a porch some 2,500 miles from the Catskill Mountains, shook her head sadly when she read the words:

The bride wore a lovely new dress. . .

Debbie today

By this day in early April of 1960, Debbie Reynolds was one of the most successful young women in the United States. True, her marriage with Eddie Fisher had been a flop, and had ended in divorce. But, at age twenty-seven, she could list as assets two good and healthy children, a healthy career (as movie actress and TV producer), and a fund of energy that promised to boost this career beyond imagination.

What was Debbie like—within—on this particular April day?

There are people who will tell you, "She was, and is, a fortunate girl. She has everything a girl can ask for. She has good looks, a family, money, a future. She is happy-go-lucky, forgiving of the past, unafraid of the future. She is optimistic, carefree. She is, most important, happy."

And then there are people who will say, "She was, and is, a very sad creature. She moves ahead, but without reason, without direction. Her gaiety is an act. She laughs when there is nothing to laugh about. She is a bitter young woman. Her marriage was a shambles, her divorce a terrific hurt, and she tries desperately now to make light of this shambles, this hurt. She wisecracks too hard. She works too hard. She lives and does everything too hard. And, doing this, she kids nobody."

Whichever side is right, we know only this:

That on this day in April, just a few short weeks ago, Debbie Reynolds forgot about everything concerning herself, the good, or the bad, and thought of someone else. . .

It was a busy day for Debbie, an unusually busy day. She'd had a few TV conferences in the morning, an interview at lunch, a movie rehearsal following. And now it was late afternoon and she had to rush for a final wardrobe fitting for her latest picture, *The Pleasure of his Company*.

"Okay, I'm here," she called to Edith Head, Paramount Studios' fashion designer, as she entered the fitting room. "What've you got for me today?"

"One last dress," said Miss Head. "The wedding dress—for the final scene."

"Oh boy," said Debbie, joking. "I can hear the old organ music now . . . Dum dum de-dum, dum dum de-dum . . ." she laughed.

Miss Head laughed too, and left the room to get the dress.

It was a few minutes later when she returned.

She walked over to Debbie.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" she asked.

"Uh-huh," said Debbie, half-looking. "—Now what do you say I slip out of this, try on that, and get it all over with so I can get home, okay?"

"Oh, Debbie!" said Miss Head, when the dress and veil were on. "I don't think I've ever seen anything lovelier . . . I don't think I've ever seen *you* look any lovelier."

"Sure," said Debbie.

She turned and looked into a floor-length mirror on the other side of the

room. Her reflection shimmered back at her.

"Sure," she said again.

"And now," she started to say, "if the fit's okay with you—"

But she didn't go on.

She was looking at herself in the mirror, still.

Staring.

"Debbie," Miss Head asked, after a moment, "is something wrong?"

Debbie shook her head.

"No," she said. ". . . No."

"You're sure?" Miss Head asked, after another moment.

"No," Debbie repeated. ". . . Nothing's wrong."

She tried then to look away from the mirror.

But she couldn't.

"This dress," she said, finally, softly. "This dress—"

"What?" Miss Head asked.

"This dress," Debbie said. "I've seen it before, Edith."

Miss Head smiled. "Oh no, dear," she said. "This is what they call 'ze original from Paree.' It arrived this morning, Deb. Air France, special delivery . . . There were sketches, yes. But you didn't see them . . . Nobody did."

"I know," Debbie said, turning to her now. "I know it sounds strange, Edith. But I have seen this dress before . . . When I was a little girl, I saw a dress once, a wedding dress, with lace on the skirt like this, and with this same top, and with the sleeves puffed just like this—and the veil, too, Edith, the crown, the lilies of the valley—just like this."

Miss Head looked puzzled.

"Where, Debbie?" she asked.

"In Texas," Debbie said.

"Texas?"

Debbie told her about that afternoon, when she was twelve, with her grandmother—how her grandmother had shown her the wedding dress both she and her daughter had worn.

"It's amazing," said Debbie, "—but this, Edith, this was that dress."

"For thirty-eight dollars?" asked Miss Head, laughing again. "Honey . . . honey, I don't know exactly what you remember about that dress. But this one was made for us, specially. For exactly four-thousand dollars . . . I mean—"

"Edith," Debbie interrupted. "It's the same dress. I swear to you, believe me, it's the same dress."

"I remember," she said, going on, "how it looked as I lifted it from that box."

"And I remember my Gram', and how she looked that day."

"And what she said to me."

"How she took the dress from me after a while and held it, like this, so lightly, in her fingers, and how she said certain things to me—"

For a long while after that, Debbie was silent.

And then, suddenly, she said, "Edith, I want this dress."

"You mean, to keep?" Miss Head asked.

"Yes," said Debbie. "I want to buy it, after the picture."

"Why?" asked Miss Head, directly.

"I need it," Debbie said, just as directly. "I lost it once. And now I've found it again . . . And I need to have it."

Miss Head shrugged. "If you want it to buy, dear, it's all yours," she said. "Though to tell you the truth—"

"I need it, Edith," Debbie interrupted. "I want it . . . More than I've needed and wanted anything, in a long long time. . ."

It was a few weeks later.

The picture was over.

Debbie left the studio and drove home. Carrie Frances, her four-year-old daughter, met her at the front door.

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box?" she asked, after Debbie had kissed her hello. "Is it something for me?"

"Yes," Debbie said.

"What?" the little girl asked.

"The most beautiful dress in the whole world," said Debbie.

The little girl clapped her hands.

"Can I wear it for my birthday?" she asked.

"No," said Debbie, "but someday, darling, when you're a big girl, then you'll wear it."

"Oh," said Carrie Frances, disappointed.

Debbie smiled.

"You're right," she said. "It's nothing that'll overjoy you now. But someday," she said, "someday it's going to be the most special dress of your life."

She took her daughter's hand.

"Do you want to see it," she asked,

"—before I put it away, upstairs in the attic?"

"Okay," said Carrie Frances.

And they walked, together, towards the stairs. . . .

"What a touching story," our secretary, Cookie, said, brushing aside a tear. "You know, it's a shame, that if Debbie ever gets married again—and let's face it, she probably will—she won't be able to wear this particular dress herself."

"Yes, it's a shame," another girl, an artist said. "Like I mentioned before, a girl who marries a second time can never, never, wear white. It's a tradition. A tradition nobody'd dare break, not even in Hollywood."

"I know," said Cookie. "But in a case like this, when, almost as if by a miracle, this dress was returned to her—don't you think there could be some kind of special

dispensation made, so that she could wear it and—"

"It's not a case of anybody making a dispensation," said the artist, interrupting. "It's a case of respecting tradition!"

"Well," said the secretary, "I have a feeling, a real strong feeling, that Debbie would want with all her heart to wear it. And in this case I say to heck with tradition."

After a little more talk, the two girls turned to us, the editors of MODERN SCREEN.

They asked our opinion.

We told them, in all honesty, that we didn't know—that we would like to present the question to our millions of readers, and especially Debbie's millions of fans.

Well, readers, what do you think? **END**

Debbie stars in Paramount's THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY and THE RAT RACE.

When a Girl Becomes a Woman

(Continued from page 34)

put on her most precious nightie—a shocking pink nylon affair which made her look very grown up—and very sexy. She wanted to wake up feeling grown up and sexy.

Instead she woke up feeling exactly the way she had the morning before and the morning before that and the morning before that.

"Must get up," she said to herself. "Really must get up. There's so much to do."

But before she could she heard a soft tapping on the door.

"Come in," she called.

Her mother entered the room, carrying a breakfast tray.

"Good morning, birthday girl," she said as she kissed Sandy on the cheek.

"We're not going to make a habit of this breakfast in bed, you know, but it's not every day a girl is eighteen. And I thought you'd like to look at your cards while you're still in bed."

"Oh, thank you, I would," Sandra replied. "But I promise—I'll be up soon."

"Take your time," Mrs. Douvan answered. "Remember. This is your day."

Then she left the room.

Message from a friend

Sandy sipped her orange juice and opened card after card. It seemed as though everyone remembered.

Some cards were cute and sentimental, some gay . . . and a few comic.

Then she came across one which she read over and over again.

For under the printed message was scrawled—*How does it feel to be eighteen at last? How does it feel to be a woman?*

Why, thought Sandra, it doesn't feel any different at all, really. I look the same. I feel exactly the same as I did when I was 17 years 366 days old—tossing in an extra day for leap year.

It's silly for anyone to ask, "How does it feel to be eighteen?" as though one extra day will bring a miraculous change in you. And yet, maybe it's not so silly. When I went to sleep last night I secretly thought there would be a difference in me this morning.

She kept thumbing through her cards—and another message seemed to jump out from the white parchment paper upon which it was printed. It was a quote from Longfellow:

Look not mournfully into the Past.

It comes not back again.

Wisely improve the Present,

It is thine.

Go forth to meet the shadowy

Future,

Without fear and with a womanly heart. . . .

The card was simply signed . . . "a friend."

Sandra wondered who could have sent it and why there was no name attached to it. Then she read the words again and began to understand the significance of the message—and the significance of the day.

Look not mournfully into the Past. . . .

Why, she thought, for the past five years, ever since Daddy died, I've been doing just that.

Her thoughts wandered to her beloved step-father, the late Eugene Douvan—and she felt the same stab of pain she always felt when she thought of him too much. During the past few years she'd finally become adjusted to her loss—but there were times, like Christmas and her birthdays, when the knowledge that Daddy was irrevocably gone was almost more than she could bear. Particularly on her birthday.

Memories of years and years of birthdays kept coming back. She thought of the evenings when he'd come home from work with a sly smile on his face and a package behind his back—and he'd pretend not to remember what day it was—but she knew he wouldn't forget.

She'd be dressed up in her prettiest party dress and the whole family would go out to some wonderful restaurant that Daddy would pick for the occasion. And there would always be a cake and candles and his wonderful voice would boom out "Happy Birthday" and it would be the most wonderful night of her year.

She remembered her thirteenth birthday particularly. Daddy bought her her first formal—and her first heels. The shoes were white satin, the strapless dress, white, trimmed with red roses. And as a special present Daddy allowed her to wear lipstick for the first time, because they were going out dancing at a very chic and grown-up night-club.

She remembered her thirteenth birthday particularly—not only because of the shoes and the dress and the lipstick and the fun, but because it was the very last birthday she shared with Eugene Douvan. A year later he was dead. Snatched from her and her mother by the cruelty of a fate she couldn't and wouldn't understand.

When her fourteenth birthday rolled around, she refused any kind of celebration. "What is there to celebrate?" she asked her mother bitterly. "I'm not happy and I can't be happy without Daddy—ever." She wouldn't leave the house—she wouldn't touch the beautiful pink and white cake her mother brought home.

Her next three birthdays found her a little happier. She had gone from being a successful model to being a successful actress. She was getting all the best parts and every material thing her heart desired. On her sixteenth birthday she got her first car—a beautiful white Thunderbird.

If only Daddy were here to see me drive, she thought. And then even that day lost much of its glory because he wasn't there at all. . . .

*Look not mournfully into the Past.
It comes not back again.*

Room for improvement

Sandra repeated the words to herself. *It's true, she thought. I've looked back—too much. There may never be another man as dear as Daddy, but even if there is, I wouldn't be able to see it if I keep on making comparisons. Of course I miss him. But I mustn't go on missing him for the rest of my life. . . . It's immature—it's futile. He wouldn't want me to be unhappy. I'm luckier than most girls—that I had such a wonderful person in my life even for a little while.*

*Wisely improve the Present,
It is thine.*

Those words went whirling around in Sandy's head as she got out of bed.

She looked at herself in the large mirror over her dressing table. She stuck out her tongue to the image she saw reflected.

Oh, that's a childish thing to do, she thought. But nevertheless there's still room for improvement. Have to stick to my diet and watch those hips. No more of those crash diet affairs or anything as silly as taking epsom salts to hurry things along. I've got to stop behaving like a fourteen year old when it comes to eating. I've got to stop raiding the ice box at three o'clock in the morning, and stuffing myself with hamburgers and those quarts of ice-cream my unknown suitor leaves at the house each week. If I become as plump as a butterball, Cary Grant will never ask me out.

I've got to stop that too. Daydreaming about men like Cary Grant—and getting crushed on all the older stars. It's absolutely sophomoric. . . . It's one thing to get a crush on Paul Newman when you're fourteen. . . . and hate Joanne Woodward for two weeks after they got married—then switch to Rex Harrison and Rock Hudson and Jeff Chandler. But to blush a

fire-red and hardly be able to say hello when I was introduced to Mr. Grant and then go home and day dream about how I'd dress and act and talk when he took me to La Rue's and Chasen's—how young can I get?

What Mother said

It's no wonder with thoughts like these that I haven't been able to seriously think of a permanent relationship. Mother told me my crushes are harmless—and that they only meant that I wasn't ready to fall in love and was only playing at it with improbable and impossible suitors. She's probably right. But it is time that I begin to get ready. This means no more Grants or Harrisons in my thoughts. And it means I should stop constantly dating young actors whose only thoughts are on publicity dates and themselves. Sure, they are safe. And publicity dates are occasionally necessary. But they will lead absolutely nowhere. I'm not worried about being an old maid—not at eighteen. But unless I start leaving myself open for relationships that can have substance, I may never find the right boy. And as much as I tell people that I'm in no hurry to experience love, that I have no time for it, I secretly look forward to the moment when I'm drawn to someone with all my heart.

Sandra began zipping one of her prettiest new dresses. She looked around her lovely bedroom and shuddered. Her luscious nightie was crumpled in a ball on the floor where she had dropped it. One bedroom slipper was by the window, the other half-way under the bed. Her robe was tossed carelessly over a chair, or rather over a dress which she had tossed over a chair. Her beautiful room was a mess.

This has got to stop, she told herself. I must be neater. My mother isn't my maid to go around picking up after me. But when I finish with anything I just leave it like a two year old. I'm always in such a hurry and so anxious to get on to the next thing—even if the next thing is bed.

She started to apply her lipstick, then stopped and for the first time that she could remember began putting everything neatly away. Now if I can only continue doing this, I will have really accomplished

something. I will continue doing this, she resolved.

There is so much I want to do, she thought. I want to stop being afraid of going to bed unless a light is burning just outside my room. I want to stop staying up until all hours of the night because I think it's so chic. I want to be able to control myself and my moods so I won't think the whole world is beautiful and I love everybody and everything one day and then the next day convince myself that life isn't worth living and that I'd just as soon shoot myself as not.

I want to make friends. Oh sure, I know I said that having friends is like having strawberry shortcake. If you don't have it, you don't miss it. But I would enjoy the companionship of a girl my own age; someone to go shopping with and share secrets with—and just know.

I want to end this dependency I have on Mother and she has on me. I want to let her know that I would think it would be right for her to remarry and have a life of her own. I know she's waiting until I'm twenty-one before she starts thinking of herself—but maybe she shouldn't wait. She's still so young and pretty. She should have her chance for happiness—and not worry about me.

Two years ago Ross Hunter told me not to hurry and grow up, that I have a whole lifetime ahead for that. Maybe that was wonderful advice for a girl of sixteen who couldn't wait till she painted her face and perfumed herself to the hilt—or who only wanted to wear black slinky dresses. That's phony hurrying and false growing up. But real growing up is a day-to-day process—and now is the time to start.

Sandra heard her mother calling to her from the living room.

"Hurry and come outside, Sandy," she called, "and see what's waiting for you today."

Sandra knew what was outside. It was her beautiful new silver Imperial sedan.

It was also the future. And she went forth to meet it without fear and with a womanly heart.

END

Sandra stars next in GIDGET GOES HAWAIIAN, Columbia, and PORTRAIT IN BLACK, Universal-International.

Where Did I Fail?

(Continued from page 41)

me a glass of water.' That's what he said to me."

"And . . ." the friend had asked.

"And," said Lucy, dimpling, "I got up. How, I don't know. I was still half-asleep—and got him—and got him the glass of water."

The friend was shocked. Lucy still remembered how surprised she was at her friend's outraged reaction.

"Lucille, do you mean to say you got up in the middle of the night just to get your husband a glass of water? Don't you know you're spoiling him? That's no way to treat a husband! You'd be smart if you got him to spoil you."

Lucy couldn't understand that at all. She'd said to her friend, very simply, "But I love him. I think every woman ought to spoil her husband. I love to spoil Desi."

She'd believed that with all her heart.

Not long afterwards, she and Desi had gone on a camping trip. They slept in a tent. She remembered how frightened she had been in the dark, how she wanted Desi to turn on the little flash lamp. He'd grumbled that he couldn't sleep with a light

on. So the tent remained dark, while she shivered with fear like a small child.

She'd believed it was up to a wife to change herself into the kind of woman her husband wanted her to be. Lucy had waited a long time to be married. Although she'd always had a strong, independent streak, once she married she leaned to the opposite extreme, her friends felt. She felt it was up to her to make her marriage a success.

The man is the boss

Looking back at those early years, Lucy realized how people must have talked about them, not able to understand what it was that had made her cater so to her husband. To Lucy, at the time, it seemed the only thing to do.

She loved Desi. He was handsome and dashing, and even his changeable moods and fiery temper kept her in a state of constant excitement. He was a big, blustering male. He had the Cuban attitude about marriage. The man was the boss. Lucy did her best to conform to his tastes.

It wasn't easy. With little movie work to do, Desi became a band leader and was constantly on tour. Lucy would have given up her career to be with him, but—well, that was a lot of bacon to give up, the band business being what it was, and some people not quite aware yet of Desi's great talent.

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JUNE BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in June, your birthstone is the pearl and your flower is the rose. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

- June 1—**Marilyn Monroe**
Pat Boone
- June 3—**Paulette Goddard**
Carol Ohmart
Tony Curtis
- June 4—**Rosalind Russell**
John Barrymore, Jr.
- June 7—**Dolores Gray**
Dean Martin
- June 8—**Dana Wynter**
James Darren
- June 9—**Robert Cummings**
- June 10—**Luciana Paoluzzi**
- June 12—**Vic Damone**
William Lundigan
- June 14—**Dorothy McGuire**
Gene Barry
- June 18—**Eva Bartok**
Maggie McNamara
Richard Boone
- June 19—**Pier Angeli**
Marisa Pavan
Charles Coburn
Louis Jourdan
- June 20—**Audie Murphy**
- June 21—**Judy Holliday**
Maureen Stapleton
- June 25—**Charlotte Greenwood**
- June 26—**Eleanor Parker**
- June 29—**Robert Evans**
- June 30—**Susan Hayward**



Mona Freeman
June 9



Jane Russell
June 21



Richard Todd
72 June 11



Gower Champion
June 22

He was on tour most of the time, or playing late dates in town, and she was in Hollywood on an early-to-bed, early-to-rise routine, and only now and then did they get together. Lucy wanted desperately to put down roots, so they bought a big house in the Valley. It had eleven rooms, most of them unoccupied, but to Lucy—weaving dreams about her marriage—it was a symbol of permanence.

Sometimes the two of them got a break, like the time Desi got a night club engagement right in Hollywood, at Ciro's, then at the height of its fame. Desi was still relatively new at band leading. He didn't have a big following yet, but Lucy was going to prove to the town that her man was popular. She was working in a picture and had to be up early, but in spite of that, she was at her ringside table every night, entertaining a different group of friends, applauding Desi. Night after night, she'd sit there, her body sagging with fatigue, but a bright smile pinned on her face so that everyone could see how much she enjoyed Desi and his show.

Her love for him was almost a form of worship. She hadn't realized how much she doted on him until just now—so many years later. There was the time, years ago, when a friend came to visit her. Desi was still working nights at Ciro's. Lucy had a day off. The friend came over for lunch. Afterwards, Lucy—and she recalled now how full of love her heart had been then—said to the friend brightly, "I'd like to show you something." With the friend behind her, she'd tiptoed into the darkened bedroom where Desi lay sleeping. She'd turned to her friend and whispered proudly: "There. Isn't he beautiful?"

She couldn't understand then just why her friend had said to her, "Lucille, honey, don't show him off that way to others. They'll all think—well, they'll think you idolize him too much."

Lucy had been annoyed then at what her friend had said and had paid no more attention to it. Now it struck her what the friend meant—she had been wearing her love for Desi like a bright, red badge. She had been building him up too much. Smart women didn't do things like that. Smart wives would try to make their husbands worship them.

The first time he left

The thing of it was that it was easier to be that way than to buck Desi. There was the day a married friend came to their house in tears, to talk over her own marriage problem. Desi had taken the man's side, Lucy the wife's side. Soon, they were arguing between them and the argument was worse, much worse, than their friend's had been! Lucy wanted Desi to tell her she was right. But he was adamant. That night, the quarrel had reached such a white heat that he packed up his clothes and moved out of the house.

She remembered how it had affected her. She hadn't been able to sleep that night. She'd become sick about the whole thing. If he'd only come back. . . .

He did, the next day. And she decided it was much easier to give in to him than to have those quarrels—those dreadful quarrels which might end again with his packing his bags and walking out, leaving her in tears, her heart in pieces. . . .

But she still had moments of being the spirited redhead she used to be, and the quarrels had become more frequent. It had ended in her impulsively filing for divorce. But even filing those papers hadn't finished the marriage. For they were so in love that they had fallen into each other's arms again and made up.

They didn't even have to remarry, because the divorce papers had never become final. But so anxious was Lucy that this become a strong, strong marriage, with a fresh start, that she insisted upon another marriage ceremony.

It was almost with a kind of desperation that Lucy had said to a friend then, "Sometimes second marriages are happier than first ones because people who've made a mistake apply the lessons they've learned to their new marriage. Instead of Desi using his knowledge on a new wife, and me on a new husband, we just treated each other like new mates."

All this now came back to her. She looked at the empty closet and went to it and slowly closed the door.

If only I could shut out all thoughts of the past with the shutting of the closet door, she thought.

But there was no way to shut the door on her thoughts.

We were so happy for the next few years, she recalled.

During the next few years friends often had occasion to tell her what they'd said early in the marriage: "Lucy, you're spoiling Desi terribly."

The whole household had to revolve around Desi. Lucy could still remember the first Christmas they celebrated, when Desi informed her that he considered a Christmas incomplete without a suckling pig on the festive table.

"Ugh—how can we sit there and watch the poor little pig on a turning spit all day?" Lucy asked in horror.

"You're just being sentimental," Desi had laughed.

And so eager was Lucy to please that she sat in the patio, watching the suckling pig, even turning it over, so that Desi would feel that Christmas was everything he wanted it to be.

Yes, thought Lucy sadly. I tried in so many small ways to make you happy, Desi. Where did I fail?

The way Desi wanted

She remembered their first argument over a vacation. "A vacation in the snow," Lucy had said, her eyes dancing. "Let's go to Sun Valley."

Desi, remembering his happy years in Cuba, shivered.

"Snow?" he said. "How can you want such a vacation? No, vacations should be in the sun."

And so the vacation and most vacations after that were in the sun—the way Desi wanted them.

There was one dream they both shared. Lucy's lips curled into a sad smile as she remembered the one big dream they had realized. Sure, it had been wonderful that they had been able to make a success of the big TV show, *I Love Lucy*, in which she starred. It had been fun making producers who said that it was all wrong to co-star Desi in the series, that she should have an American actor play her TV husband, eat crow. She'd insisted that Desi be permitted to co-star with her in the shows, over the objections of practically everyone in TV, and she'd been right. They'd been a hit, and she'd insisted that Desi be given equal credit with her in that success. But the big dream had been of something bigger, more important than the success of their early *I Love Lucy* shows. Even more important than the development of the television kingdom Desi had begun to build.

From the time they were first married Lucy wanted a baby more than anything else in the world.

She smiled faintly now, remembering the three scrapbooks. Other actresses keep scrapbooks about their screen and TV triumphs—but Lucille's three scrapbooks

were different. They were started in the first year of her marriage. Three scrapbooks full of photos of babies which she'd cut out from every imaginable source. And under each picture of a baby there was a caption Lucy had written herself in her own meticulous handwriting, as though the written words were from the mouths of the adorable babies themselves. "Hi, there, isn't it about time I showed up?" And farther on, "Hey, kids, what's the delay?"—"Say, what's holding me up?" Month after month Lucy cut out fat little babies, and tried to hide her own deep disappointment with the funny sayings.

The big dream hadn't come to fruition easily. The years went by and there were only pictures in a scrapbook to reveal the dream.

And then one Sunday night, after they'd been married ten years, they were appearing together at the Roxy Theater in New York. Between shows they were relaxing backstage, listening to the radio, Lucy making some embroidery bits, Desi lying down.

All of a sudden the voice of Walter Winchell came over the air: *Flash . . . Desi and Lucy are going to have a baby.*

"What?" they'd both screamed. "How does he know?" They themselves didn't know. Lucy had been to the lab on Friday for tests and had been told to come in on Monday for her report.

They rushed to a phone to find out from Winchell himself what was up. He had actually gotten the report from some informant at the lab.

They'd spent the next hour holding each other and crying with joy. Lucy smiled softly at the recollection. All through her pregnancy Desi had treated her like she'd never been treated before, "as if I were a *papier maché* doll." But that did not last very long. Tragedy struck: the pregnancy ended in miscarriage . . . as did the next one. . . .

Desi was wonderful then

Lucy brought herself back to the present again with a sigh of relief. She thought of the two children who'd gone to sleep only a little while ago in their bedrooms down the hall. A wistful smile played on her lips as she remembered the birth of her first baby.

"Desi was so wonderful to me," she recalled, "when I was carrying Lucie." It almost seemed as though Desi wanted to make up to her for having lost the other babies and finally having borne one, that he began to treat Lucy like a baby. It was a new experience, having Desi wait on her, bring her breakfast in bed and scold her when she wanted to move a chair from one spot to another.

Their little girl was everything they'd hoped for. Lucille thought she and Desi had surely found Paradise together.

But right after little Lucie was born, Paradise ceased to be perfect. When Lucille told herself everything was wonderful she may have been kidding herself. Desi began to go off on fishing trips by himself. When they'd go to Las Vegas for fun, Lucy used to hate it when Desi would

spend hours at the gaming tables. She never could understand why he found the dice and roulette tables so fascinating. "It must be his Cuban blood," she would tell herself, but that didn't help.

When she learned that another baby was on its way she hoped it would be a boy. It would make Desi so proud to have a son carry on his name. Maybe that was what he needed . . . Like everything attached to her marriage, Lucy embarked on even this project with a great deal of intensity. She carried Desi's baby picture around with her in the hope that it would be a son who looked just like him. Her doctor laughed at her when she told him. But somehow when her boy was born, he did look exactly like Desi. They named him Desiderio Alberto Arnaz, IV.

She stood up and walked over to another corner of the room where a photo of big Desi and little Desi stood on a tall chest of drawers. She picked up the picture, looking at them both, comparing them proudly as she had done so many times in the past. The little boy was almost a replica of his father—the same large, black eyes, the round face and richly curved mouth. He even seemed to have inherited Desi's love of music. So far, fortunately, the little boy showed no signs of having inherited Desi's quick, Cuban temper.

She had always said that she hoped the children would have their father's mentality when they grew up, and her moderation. . . . The thought of their growing up now in a house without a father was more than she could bear, and she groped blindly in the top drawer for a handkerchief . . . and there was the ring.

Her wedding ring. Not the one she wore, even now. But the one she wore the day they got married.

They had decided to get married suddenly, just like that. They went to a preacher's in Greenwich, Connecticut, and Desi realized that he had no ring. "So he ran to some dime store and bought me one for exactly that—ten cents," Lucy whispered, remembering, and smiling in spite of her heavy heart. "And I wore it for all those years . . . till it wasn't even round enough anymore for me to keep on my finger without cutting into it. Then it turned black. And I had to take it off and keep it in this little drawer, where I could come and look at it once in a while. . . ."

Back then, when they were first married, people would say, "The marriage won't last six months." Lucy enjoyed fooling them—fooled them for nineteen years. "How I wish," she thought ruefully, "we could have fooled them forever."

But she herself was fooled. She and Desi had conquered so many problems. They'd proved so many people wrong so many times. Perhaps she was too self-confident. In the last few years she thought nothing could come between them.

But after the early years had come the worst years of their lives. Not economically but emotionally. Something began to go very wrong at a time when everyone believed their life together was running smoothly. In the beginning Lucy had always been afraid that people would give

her too much credit for the success of the *I Love Lucy* shows. She'd always been quick to point out that the series was a success only because Desi had made it a success. Without his genius as a producer where would they both have been, she'd ask.

When people tried to tell Lucy that she'd been the shoulder behind the wheel, the star of the family from the beginning, she'd burst into anger; "Why, that's nonsense. Desi has always been a big shot in show business. People just didn't realize it, that's all."

Some of her friends had been aghast when she insisted that Desi become the head of their newly-formed Desilu Productions. She'd become very angry at a friend who had pointed out, "You're the one who made the *Lucy* show so big—not he. Why make him the big one? You'll be sorry." Lucy hadn't spoken to that friend ever since. Had that friend been right, after all?

There was a sign on his door, PRESIDENT, and everyone on the huge studio lot they had bought bowed and scraped to Desi, as Lucy had hoped they'd do some day. She'd seen what happened to other women stars who shone more brightly than their husbands—seen their marriages fail. But that, she vowed, would never happen to them. She was all for Desi being the big one in the family.

Desi was a colossus in the business world as well as in show business, as head of one of the most powerful empires in TV. As producer and host, he was involved in many big television productions without her. He was busy—busy—seldom home now. She couldn't see him as often. People swarmed over him, fawned over him. There was a new swagger about him. He didn't seem to need her. . . .

A kingdom without a king

When people, because of the power Desi wielded now, bowed and worshipped him, he might not need a worshipping wife quite so badly. If the whole world bows down before a man and calls him emperor, the time may come when he really believes he is an emperor.

Had Desi reached that point?

She tried to shut the hateful thought out of her mind.

"But what is the good of a great kingdom when the king hasn't time to play very much any more with his children or give his wife any real companionship?"

She twisted the ring on her finger.

"I've tried so hard. Where did I fail? Oh God, did I love him too much?"

She heard a call down the hall. Lucie was nine but, like most active children, would awaken with a start now and then. Lucy had tried to keep the atmosphere at home the same, but you can't hide much from children. They sensed something.

Lucie called out again. Lucille got up and hurried down the hall. She felt strong again. She was needed.

"All right, darling," she said, rushing in and holding Lucie close. "Don't worry. Mother's here. . . ."

END

Please God, Don't Let Him See Me Cry . . .

(Continued from page 32)

her hands up to her eyes, and held them there, hard—"don't let him see me cry . . . Don't let me cry . . . I mustn't. I mustn't. . . ."

In the hospital a little while later, she walked over to his bed.

His face was completely covered with bandages.

"Lee," she could hear a voice moan from under the bandages. "Lee—"

As she looked at the figure on the bed, as she heard the voice, a heavy shiver ran

through her body, and something seemed to snap inside her, and a voice in her mind cried out: *No, this can't be! . . . then: No, it's not!*

She turned quickly and walked over to a doctor who stood nearby.

She smiled strangely.

"But that's not him," she said. "The voice is different. You must have made a mistake . . . That's not my husband."

"There's no mistake," said the doctor. He reached for a sheet of paper. "Accord- 73

ing to cards in the wallet police found on him, he's William Colleran. TV producer, director. New York address: 167 East 61 Street. California address—

"I don't care, he's not my husband," Lee interrupted, looking back at the bed, staring. "... The voice was different."

"Of course, it sounds different," the doctor said. "He's practically unconscious ... Don't you realize what's happened?"

Lee didn't answer.

"I told you on the phone," said the doctor. "Don't you remember?"

Still, Lee didn't answer.

"He'd been to a party," the doctor said, then. "He was in his car, alone, coming down a hill, steep, very steep. It was dark. It was late. He must have fallen asleep at the wheel. The car hit a tree."

"When the police got to him, they thought he was dead at first," the doctor went on. "I got to him a little while later. The heartbeat was weak, but I could see he was still alive. I gave him some serum. Then we rushed him here. We've examined him. He's suffering from multiple fractures, and a severe concussion of the brain. We've got to operate. We've held up till now, to give him some blood. But very soon, if we're to save him—"

"That's not my husband," Lee said.

The doctor touched her arm.

"You may not want him to be, but he is," he said.

Lee pushed him away. She stood rigid now. "He's not," she shouted. "He's not!"

Again she smiled strangely, as if she had won a victory of some kind.

"Look," the doctor said, "I know how you feel. But I think you'd feel a lot better if you admitted you understood—"

"No," said Lee.

"Admitted you understood," the doctor said, "—and even cried, if that's what you really feel like doing ... That is what you feel like doing right now, isn't it? ... This is a shock, a terrible shock. I know ... Now, come on, cry a little and—"

"No," said Lee. "I never cry. I mustn't cry ... And besides, there's no need for me to cry."

"Lee," she heard the voice moan once more, from under the bandages.

"No," she said.

"Leeeeee"—it came again.

"Bill?" she whispered.

"Bill?"

And then, as everything in the room came racing towards her, she fell, fainting, to the floor. ...

"Get her to talk"

She felt the blanket around her. She realized she was lying on a couch ... that there was someone else in the room.

She opened her eyes and, turning her head only slightly, she saw the nurse, a big woman, big-boned, middle-aged, the steel rim of her spectacles shining under the shining white starchiness of her cap, seated beside her.

"Well," she heard the nurse say, softly, "time you came around ... How do you feel, dear? Do you feel all right?"

Lee nodded slightly. "Where's my husband?" she asked.

"Upstairs ... in the operating room," said the nurse. "The operation began about an hour ago. It should only be another hour more, maybe a little less."

The nurse remembered the chat she'd had in the hallway, with the doctor, a little while earlier. "I'm worried about her," he'd said. "Get her to talk, if you can. Get her to talk and get some of this hysteria out of her system."

"Would you like to talk?" the nurse asked now.

Lee sighed and lay her head back a little and looked up at the ceiling overhead, as if she were trying to look through it,

to a room above where Bill lay now. "Yes," she said, "yes, I'd like to talk, a little."

"Tell me," said the nurse, pulling up her chair a little, "about your baby. I've read a little about you in the newspapers. I remember reading when you had a baby last year ... What's her name?"

"Kate," Lee said. "She was christened Kathleen. But we call her Kate."

"I bet she's a doll," said the nurse.

"She is," Lee said.

"Does she look like you?"

Lee shook her head.

"Like her daddy?" asked the nurse.

Lee closed her eyes. "More like her daddy, yes," she said. "Her face is round like his. And she has his eyes and lips. And she's gentle the way he is ... gentle and lovable, just like he is."

"Where is she now?" asked the nurse.

"In Tennessee," Lee said. "I was making a picture there. I mean, I am making a picture there, I guess ... In Cleveland, Tennessee ... Kate was with me and a girl I hired. I left her with the girl when I got the phone call—"

How Lee became an actress

Her voice began to trail off.

"Get her to talk—" the nurse remembered the doctor's words.

"Tell me," the nurse said, suddenly, changing the subject, "a person like me who watches TV and goes to movies, we never get to meet actresses, like you. And we wonder so many things. Like how do they become actresses?"

Lee shrugged.

"How did you become an actress, Mrs. Colleran?" asked the nurse. "Come on. Don't be modest. Tell me all the interesting facts now."

"There's nothing very interesting about my story," said Lee, opening her eyes. "When I was a little girl, in Boston, I used to watch my great-grandmother. I guess she's the one who started me off, in a way."

"Was she an actress?" asked the nurse.

"No," said Lee. "She was a minister, a Methodist minister ... And from my earliest years I can remember watching her in church every Sunday, talking to the congregation. I used to think it was the most thrilling thing imaginable, somebody standing and talking to people and holding them spellbound, moving them ... I made up my mind that that was what I wanted to do someday, be a lady minister and talk to people. ..."

"Now I think that's real interesting," said the nurse. "Go on ... Go on, and tell me more."

Lee said nothing.

"Go on," said the nurse. "Get her to talk—" she remembered.

"Well," Lee said, "—I learned in time that to be a minister you needed to have a calling—some kind of divine calling, either from within yourself, or from God. I never had the calling. But still," she said, "I wanted to talk to people, to groups, to congregations of one sort or another. And one day, I remember, my mother took me into town to see a play. And I realized then, sitting in the audience, watching the actors on the stage talking out to me and all the other people, that this was like a church, in a way, and that being an actor was like being a minister, in a way—at least, in a way important to me—"

The nurse smiled. "So you began to study acting hard and your mother and father sacrificed every penny they had," said the nurse, "and then one day you were discovered, sitting in a restaurant—and boom, you were a star. Right?"

"Partly," Lee said. "I didn't study acting very hard as a child. And if I had, it wouldn't have been a sacrifice to my par-

ents. They were not poor. In fact, they were wealthy—" She paused for a moment. "But yes, you're right," she said then, "I was discovered, in a restaurant."

"How do you like that?" the nurse said, pleased with herself. "Well!"

Two discoveries

"It was a restaurant in New York," Lee said. "I was living in New York with my mother and we went to dinner one night. And just as we were about to leave this man came over. He said he was a producer, that he had a play that had just started rehearsals, that he had one part open—for a girl who looked like me, and that he'd like it if I came to the theater and tried out. I did. And I got the part."

"Just like you read about," said the nurse.

"Yes," Lee said, "—except the play flopped."

"Easy come, easy go, eh?" said the nurse, laughing a little. "Then what happened, Mrs. Colleran?"

"I did some television work," said Lee. "Then I did a picture, my first picture."

"Which was that?"

"It was called *A Face in the Crowd*," Lee said. "I had a small part. I played the drum majorette, who marries Andy Griffith—"

"Ohhhh," said the nurse. "Now was that you?"

"Yes," Lee said. She smiled a little.

She seemed to be remembering something. The nurse, glad to see the smile, wanting to see it stay for a little while, at least, leaned forward and asked, "And what did I say that was so funny?"

"Just what he said," said Lee, "—the very first time I met him."

"Your husband, I'll bet," said the nurse. Lee hesitated.

"Tell me about it," said the nurse, "if I'm not being too nosy ... That first time you met."

"It was at a party," Lee said, after a moment. "It was a few weeks after the picture opened. There were lots of people there—some of the biggest names in the business. And I was a nothing. But when I'd be introduced to them, always as the girl in *A Face in the Crowd*, they'd say, 'Oh of course, you were wonderful, just wonderful.' At first, it made me feel good, very good. But then, after a while, I noticed that all of them, every one of them, said it exactly the same way ... I began to think that half of them hadn't even seen the picture, or me ... And I began to feel sad."

"And then," said the nurse, "Prince Charming came along—and he had seen the picture."

"Yes," said Lee. "The person who introduced us, me and Bill, mentioned *A Face in the Crowd*. Bill looked puzzled. I told him I'd played the drum majorette. 'Ohhhh,' he said, 'now was that you?'—just the way you said it. And then he said, 'You were pretty good, Miss Remick. You aren't going to win any Academy Awards for what you did. But you were pretty

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good.' . . . And do you know what I did?"

"What?" asked the nurse.

"I felt so good, hearing this," said Lee, "that I began to laugh. I took his hand and I told him about how I'd been feeling up to that point. I'd been on a high and lonely cloud, I told him, and he'd come along and brought me right back down to where I wanted to be . . . I told him all this, still holding his hand, as if we were old friends. And while I was holding his hand, there, that first time, I fell in love with him . . . Does that sound silly?" she asked.

"No," the nurse said.

"We were married a few months later," Lee went on. "We went to Venice on our honeymoon. We stayed there for three months. We said to heck with everything, our jobs—everything. We were there and we were happy and we stayed. We lived in a *pensione*, one of those small hotels. And it was only the beginning, really. Because after that we grew more and more in love—something I didn't imagine possible—and we were happier still—"

She stopped.

And she looked up again, towards the ceiling, thinking of the room upstairs, the big white room with all the doctors, where her husband lay, fighting for his life.

For a few minutes, neither she nor the nurse said anything.

And then, softly, the nurse spoke up.

"Mrs. Colleran . . . may I ask you something personal?" she asked.

"Yes," said Lee, vaguely. "Yes, of course, if you want."

"I was in the room before," the nurse said, "your husband's room, when you were—" She paused. "When the doctor told you to cry . . . said it would help make you feel better. When you told him that you wouldn't, you couldn't, that you never did, that you mustn't."

"That's right," said Lee.

"What did you mean?" asked the nurse.

Lee sighed. "It's a long story," she said. "You wouldn't be interested. Really, you wouldn't."

"I see," said the nurse. "I'm sorry—" she started to say.

When, suddenly, Lee said, "My aunt—it was she who told me that I mustn't cry."

"Your aunt?" asked the nurse.

Lee didn't answer, just sat there, still.

"Your aunt?" the nurse asked again.

"A long time ago," Lee said, finally. "When I was five. I was only five, you see," she said, "and one day I heard that my mother and father were going to be divorced. Neither of them had wanted to tell me about it. And so they asked her to tell me, my aunt. . . ."

"It must have been a very hard moment for you," the nurse said, as Lee sighed again, deeply.

"I cried when she told me," Lee said. "I cried . . . It's been a long time since that day. But I remember the tears running from my eyes—I remember that. They ran down my cheeks and some of them ran into my mouth and I remember they burned the insides of my mouth and they began to choke me."

"And I remember starting to cough at one point and my aunt slapping my back, hard."

"And saying, 'Now you stop that, do you hear? Crying is for fools, for silly people who don't have fiber, strength, character, breeding. Crying is for weak people. Weak people. Not people like us!'"

"And I remember her slapping my back harder and harder as she said that. And her saying, over and over, 'Now stop. You look ridiculous. You should be ashamed of yourself!'"

"Until, finally, I did stop."

"And, from that day to this, I've never cried. . . ."

"Because," asked the nurse, "you didn't want to appear weak?"

"I don't know any more," said Lee, "not exactly."

"Don't you know," said the nurse, her voice calm, very calm, "that it's a natural thing to cry . . . that there is often great relief in tears . . . that babies, little babies, are born crying; their very first sound . . . that Jesus wept . . . that everyone must weep sometimes?"

"I can't," said Lee. "I'm different maybe, but I can't . . . And now, if you'd talk about something else . . . Or else *not* talk for a while—"

"All right," said the nurse. "I'm sorry."

The silence that followed was intense.

Until finally, some ten minutes later, it was interrupted by the phone.

The nurse got up and answered the call. Then she said to Lee, "It was the doctor, calling from the operating room. He'll be down soon. But he wanted you to know now that the operation is over, that it was a success, that your husband is going to be all right."

"He is," said Lee, not asking. "Thank God."

She got up from the couch, dazedly.

At one point, she seemed to falter, and the nurse took her arm.

"I'm all right," Lee said.

"Is there anything I can get for you? Do for you?"

"No," Lee muttered.

She looked down for a moment; then back up at the nurse.

And then, suddenly, she threw her arms around her and she buried her head in the big woman's shoulder.

"—He's not going to die," Lee said.

"No," said the nurse.

"He's not going to die."

And then she smiled as she felt the girl's tears beginning to wet her sleeve. **END**

Lee stars next in 20th-Fox's WILD RIVER.

\$150 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Promptness counts. Three \$10 winners will be chosen from each of the following areas—on a basis of the date and time on your postmark: Eastern states; Southern states; Midwestern states; Rocky Mountain and Pacific states; Canada. And even if you don't earn \$10, you'll be glad you sent this ballot in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE SAL MINEO:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of his story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

2. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

3. I LIKE FRANK SINATRA:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all

- ☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

4. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE ROBERT WAGNER:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ 1 all of their story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

5. I LIKE LEE REMICK:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

6. I LIKE SANDRA DEE:

- ☐ 1 more than almost any star ☐ 2 a lot
☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little ☐ 5 not at all
☐ 6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: ☐ 1 all of her story ☐ 2 part ☐ 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ 1 super-completely
☐ 2 completely ☐ 3 fairly well ☐ 4 very little
☐ 5 not at all

new movies

(Continued from page 6)

father deserted him and whose devoted mother, it develops, entertains men while Warren's in the study hall (b) Tuesday Weld, whose bedridden, nagging mother has already led her to seek more than solace in the arms of (c) Michael Callan, a motherless boy cynically taking lessons in crime from a local butcher, who does his real work at night. These teen-agers can grow up to be social outcasts—or butterflies, depending on Dick Clark's help. There's really nothing dull about this movie. (James Darren, in a guest appearance at a high school dance, sings the title song.)—COLUMBIA.

THE UNFORGIVEN

race hatred in Texas

Burt Lancaster
Audrey Hepburn
Audie Murphy
Lillian Gish
Doug McClure

■ Life in the Texas Panhandle (of the 1860's) has a desolate beauty about it, although the presence of Audrey Hepburn enlivens the area and overcomes its sense of isolation. She is part of the Zachary family. Mom (Lillian Gish) raised her from infancy as her own, and the brothers, Burt Lancaster, Audie Murphy, Doug McClure, adore her. All would be well if it were not for the sudden, eerie presence of a crazy old man (Joseph Wiseman) who looms like a threat of disaster: He has spread the news that Audrey is really an Indian who was kidnapped from the Kiowas by the now dead father of the Zacharys. Not only is the news shocking (and vehemently denied by Lillian Gish) but it turns all the neighbors, including the stricken Bickford family, against Audrey. Love scenes, battle scenes, bronco-

busting scenes, scenes of idyllic days fill the screen with charm and passion, and with fine entertainment.—CINEMASCOPE, U.A.

CONSPIRACY OF HEARTS

Lilli Palmer
Sylvia Syms
Yvonne Mitchell
Ronald Lewis
Michael Goodliffe

children of war

■ Many Italian soldiers had little enthusiasm for World War II. Certainly they didn't enjoy being jailers of children. This movie, based on fact, is set in 1943. On a hill in northern Italy stands a beautiful convent in charge of Mother Superior Lilli Palmer. Below it is a 'transit' camp mainly occupied by Jewish children. The children have dug a tunnel. As many nights as possible, groups of them—starved, frightened, orphaned—crawl through it. They are met at the far end by nuns and shipped by truck (whose driver is Sister Meg Jenkins) to Partisans and safety. The camp commander (Ronald Lewis) looks the other way. Then the Germans take over and in the very next rescue mission a nun is killed. Nazi Colonel Albert Lieven promises the same fate to anyone else who disrupts the camp. Finally he invades the convent, surprises a group of children at religious service (Hebrew), swoops down on the nuns at their devotions and decides that he is going to place Sister Lilli before a firing squad. The children, of course, can break your heart—and Sister Lilli's nobility is inspiring.—PARAMOUNT.

THE SWORD AND THE DRAGON

Russian spectacle

Boris Andrejev
Andrei Abrikosov
Nina Medvedeva
Alexei Shvorin
Sovol Martinson

■ Here is a spectacle whose costumes, scenery

and action will dazzle you, partly because it was made in a foreign country (Russia) but mainly because the Russians have let themselves go. In telling this famous folk legend they bring monsters to life, casually mix magic with reality, shamelessly (when they think it's called for) flood the screen with a presentation of 'nature's wonders' that you would expect to find in an animated cartoon. The total effect is deeply satisfying. The story is about Ilya Muromets, for centuries a Russian folk hero. The impossibly heroic Ilya (a handsome, bearded giant, usually glittering in mesh armor), a cast of one hundred thousand and an old-fashioned rendering of blood and gore will hold you enthralled.—VITALITE.

THE TRIAL OF SERGEANT RUTLEDGE

court martial of a Negro

Jeffrey Hunter
Constance Towers
Billie Burke
Woody Strode
Juano Hernandez

■ Under the direction of John Ford, a not very original plot takes on stature and dignity. The scene is the Arizona Territory, the court martial is of a Negro sergeant (Woody Strode) who is accused of the brutal murders of a young white girl he's known all her life and of her father, a Major in command of the Post. If possible, Strode has made things even worse for himself by deserting the post after the killings. Overtaken by Lieutenant Jeffrey Hunter, who later defends him, Strode claims he deserted because he knew that no one would believe a Negro's story. The most moving portions of the film are due to the face and carriage of Woody Strode, and his great presence and reserve.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNER BROS.

7. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:

- 1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

- 1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

8. I LIKE LUCILLE BALL:

- 1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely

- 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

9. I LIKE RICHARD EGAN:

- 1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

10. I LIKE CARY GRANT:

- 1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with him

I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely

- 2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

11. I LIKE LANA TURNER:

- 1 more than almost any star 2 a lot
3 fairly well 4 very little 5 not at all
6 am not very familiar with her

I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely
2 completely 3 fairly well 4 very little
5 not at all

12. I READ: 1 all of THEY DO IT TO MUSIC

- 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 completely 2 fairly well 3 very little 4 not at all

13. How many phonographs do you have in your home? (if none write "0")

14. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE

(2) _____ MALE

(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ FEMALE

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